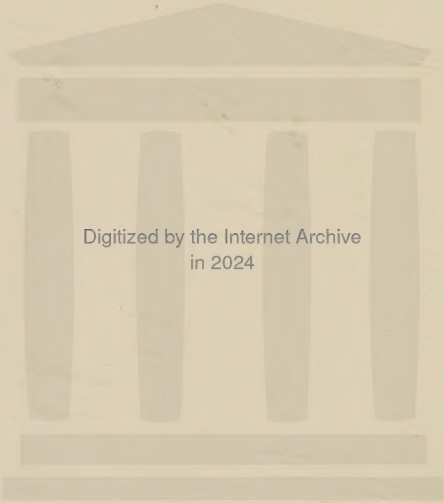




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
CHARLOTTE PORTER
AND
HELEN A. CLARKE

VOL. I

THE TEMPEST
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR
MEASURE, FOR MEASURE



NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

11 PR
2753
P5
1903
V.1

RR 2753 P5 1903 v

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

CHARLOTTE WORTON

MELLY A. BARKER

VOL. I

Copyright, 1903, by

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & Co.

EDITORS' PREFACE

IN the 'Pembroke' edition of Shakespeare the editors have sought to give the reader the essential part of much of the work done by Shakespearians, without burdening him with the multifarious material.

For those who are interested in following out a further deeper study, they have prepared the more exhaustive information and critical apparatus supplied in their 'First Folio' edition. What is given here, however, is meant to be equally sound, but a shorter cut to a like end. The same text is furnished, with other of the same advantages also, but the design has been in general to devise a slighter equipment to suit the requirements of the general reader.

A sufficient glossary, accordingly, for all recondite words likely to perplex him, is unobtrusively placed before him in the margins. There his eye may catch the explanation he may need, as he reads, finding it where he wants it without the trouble of turning to a bulky list at the end of the volume.

In lieu, again, of elaborate notes, each play is prefaced by a brief description and argument, with short summaries of the main information as to sources, date, early editions, etc.

The biography of the poet is made upon a similar plan, the idea being to give as concisely as possible

EDITORS' PREFACE

the well-attested chief facts, and to forbear reconstruction, conjecture, or discussion.

The text furnished, taken together with the foot-notes, is, in like fashion, a condensed equipment for the intelligent general reader. If he has any of the modern scientific regard for the truth, he will prefer to aught else that can be given him the exact wording of the first collected text of Shakespeare's own day. This, the First Folio Shakespeare, is, as Halliwell-Phillipps well described it, 'the most interesting and valuable book in the whole range of English literature.' It sold in 1623, when it was printed, at twenty shillings, or five dollars. To-day it is so rare that a perfect copy seldom comes to the auction-block, and then is only to be bought by collectors at the price of thousands of dollars.

This is the text that is here printed. It is reproduced with the fidelity of a facsimile, yet more readably, inasmuch as the only changes made, i.e., long *s*, the interchangeable *i* and *j*, *u* and *v*, the occasional *y* for *th*, abbreviated *thē* for *them*, appear in modern type.

In making a popular, inexpensive reprint of this rarest and greatest of books, the editors feel that they perform a service for the reading public which is its own justification. Being in aim and execution unlike any other edition among the many editions of Shakespeare, it may show cause for its appearance in the throng of volumes doing homage to the greatest of dramatists.

The text given in other modern editions is a derivation, of course, from the same original; but each succeeding editor for three centuries has modernized to suit his day and interpolated to suit his taste on top of the interpolations of his predecessors. The result is, from the

EDITORS' PREFACE

nature of the case, an inconsistent amalgam of all manner of changes of all manner of dates and tastes, blent in with the original, and obscuring its sense not infrequently, its integrity and flavor constantly.

Even petty changes in spelling and grammar, although in themselves of little importance, are unwarranted if they interfere with the quaintness of the original, if they prevent the easy, half-unconscious realization by the reader of the customs of speech peculiar to the time. These little differences from present-day habits help to re-create the Shakespearian atmosphere. They put the poet's actual world insensibly yet vividly and enjoyingly before the reader.

Even such small and plausible corrections, for example, as the Globe editors' 'lesser' for 'taller,' in Le Beau's description of Celia in 'As You Like It,' or Richard Grant White's correction all through 'Julius Cæsar' of 'Calpurnia' for 'Calphurnia,' the modern reader having any of the modern respect for the fact as it stands is likely to resent. Shakespeare's mistakes — if such they be, and not the printer's — Shakespeare's probable or possible or so-called mistakes are dearer to all time than their correction by men of any time and of whatsoever authority. Moreover, such a mistake as 'Calphurnia' for 'Calpurnia' offers a clue to the book — North's Plutarch in this case — whence the poet drew his plot and copied his spelling.

The present editors are far from holding that the past three centuries of emendation are without interest and value. Rather would they seek to show that they attain their greatest value and interest when they elucidate but do not obscure their original. Working upon the idea that the modern reader has a right to protest against the foisting into the original text of

EDITORS' PREFACE

changes for which he may be grateful if they are separated from it and unconfusedly shown in right relation to it, there is given here, therefore, not alone the original text, but also the customary modern text — the accepted net outcome of all this chopping and changing. Separated thus from the original, the changes are readily distinguishable from it, and along with each such change is set down, also, the name of the editor or edition first printing it.

These changes, constituting what is called the modern Globe text, appear here in foot-notes, whenever they are important enough to affect either the sense or the meter. Disburdened of the more trivial, merely literal changes not affecting the sense, of repetitions of the names of editors who have merely followed in the wake of the first editor, and of further changes which have not stood the test of time,—disburdened of all such cumbrances, the notes thus sifted are not confusing, but clear and simple epitomes of the story of each change.

A few examples will illustrate the method. Turn to any modern Shakespeare, and Hippolyta's lines at the opening of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' will be found given thus:

'And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven,' etc.

Turning to the original text reprinted in this edition, the same lines ('A Midsommer Nights Dreame,' I. i. 12-13) run thus:

'And then the Moone, like to a silver bow,
Now bent in heaven,' etc.

EDITORS' PREFACE

And the foot-note shows the change from 'now bent' to 'new-bent,' and gives the name of the first editor who made it:

13. *now bent*: new-bent—Rowe.

This modern reading insists more upon the moon being in the earliest of its crescent phases than the original does, and much fault has been found with the poet for making the new moon a full moon too speedily.

Again, turn to 'Macbeth,' I. ii. 20:

'And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling.'

The original picturesque word 'Quarry,' meaning the prey of the huntsman, has been changed to 'quarrel' in modern editions. This the foot-note shows, with the name of the editor, Hanmer, who first made the change.

In the same play, I. vii. 10:

'But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,'

the original word 'Schoole' has been changed to 'shoal,' on Theobald's responsibility.

So, again, 'Hamlet,' III. iv. 6, where Polonius and Queen Gertrude are awaiting Hamlet. The old courtier will still be talking whether any one marks him or not, and, as he hides himself, presumably in deprecation of some gesture of the queen's, the more impatient because Hamlet may enter the next instant and discover him before he has time to get away, he says:

'Ile silence me e'ene heere.'

EDITORS' PREFACE

But in the modern text there is a change made, introduced by Warburton, as the foot-note shows, to

‘I’ll sconce me even here.’

Another better-known change by the third editor of Shakespeare, Theobald, has been applauded generally as extremely happy. The tavern hostess, Dame Quickly, is describing Falstaffe’s death, and she says (‘Henry V,’ II. iii.):

‘... after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields.’

The foot-note on line 17 gives the change made in the current text:

17. *a Table of greene fields: a’ babbled of green fields*—THEOBALD.

This will be regarded by many as one of the cases where the original text is certainly doubtful and the change happy; yet the present editors believe that the general reader will prefer to know, first of all, what the original was, and while he will be glad to know, also, Theobald’s plausible correction, he will not want it thrust upon him indistinguishably in the original, but separated from it and placed near by.

Strange as it may seem, even in editions of Shakespeare made for scholars, wherein, of course, information of such changes is provided, the way not to do it seems to be the way followed, for the original texts are relegated to foot-notes, and the various later changes

EDITORS' PREFACE

are incorporated in the text. And this is true of all editions except Dr. Furness's, in his later volumes.

In the opinion of the present editors, none of the changes just cited is likely to stand unchallenged, with the exception, possibly, of Theobald's 'a' babbled of green fields.' But if they all were sworn in by an Academy of Immortals, the right place for all such changes is as gloss on the text, for any reader whatsoever, scholarly or unscholarly.

One of the humorous facts in the history of English literary criticism is that the meter of the most dramatic of English poets, Shakespeare, has been regulated largely by one of the most artificial of English poets, Pope, the second Shakespearian editor, and that his changes are perpetuated in the accepted modern text. From the blurring over of metrical characteristics incident to this jocularly of fortune, only the exact reproduction of the original text, with its misprints and mistakes unveiled as noticeably as its more beautiful traits, can lead to the deliverance of the modern reader and lover of Shakespeare's flowing line.

The misprints and oddities of this text are not such as to embarrass any reader of intelligence. The palpable misprints are noted. From other eccentricities of the original much relish of modes of speech and spelling in vogue ere English grew old and stiff-jointed is likely to be won. A little reading will soon acquaint the reader with such Elizabethan verbal habits as the use of *I* for *ay* or for *I* alike, *whether* for *whither*, *then* for *than*, *vilde* for *vile*. And for deeper differences in sense of word or phrase it should be remembered oftener than it is by the instructor in philology that the original context is frequently as clarifying a gloss on a difficult word as the most elaborate diction-

EDITORS' PREFACE

ary. The modern reader should have the help both provide.

The First Folio is not merely the first collected printing of the Plays. It is the sole authority for twenty of them. It furnishes the first complete text for at least two more, and includes all the thirty-seven, except 'Pericles.' This play was not printed with the rest of the Plays until the issue of the Third Folio in 1664. The present editors have reprinted it from the earliest edition of 1609, where it appeared separately. The Poems of Shakespeare, which were not printed with the Plays, but separately and at various times, they reproduce exactly as they were issued in their earliest forms.

The *Dramatis Personæ*, some of the stage directions, and other omissions from the Folio of any desirable material appear in this edition, but between brackets, in all such cases, to show that they were not in the Folio, and the foot-notes credit the source whence they were derived.

The plan of the present edition, in respect to this more complex matter of the text as well as in respect to the other matters first mentioned, is to provide the general reader with the facts in brief.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

BOSTON, July 9, 1903.

EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4 f. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

۸

۹

۱۰

۱۱

THE TEMPEST

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

‘THE TEMPEST’ is a well-rounded and mature drama of incident, hinged upon supernatural deeds.

A violent tempest drives a vessel from its course and wrecks it upon the coast of an enchanted island, whereon dwell Prospero, his daughter Miranda, and their deformed slave Caliban. While the storm is in progress, Prospero tells his daughter his past history, stating that he had once been Duke of Milan, but was driven from his dukedom by his brother Antonio. This had happened when Miranda was three years of age. He had succeeded in escaping to this island, where for twelve years he had devoted himself to her education and to the study of magic. He ends his recital by informing Miranda that the tempest has been raised by magic, and that it has brought, in the vessel which they have seen wrecked, all his enemies into his power.

The refugees escape safely to land, where Ferdinand, the King of Naples’ son, is lost from the rest, and is led by Prospero to his cell. The prince and Miranda fall in love with each other.

The second act relates the wanderings of various members of the shipwrecked band, who are watched by Ariel, chief of spirits in Prospero’s employ.

THE TEMPEST

Act III continues the narrative of their tribulations, and of how they are tantalized by the vision of a spectral feast set by Ariel.

Meanwhile Prospero has discovered the loves of the two young people, and is testing the prince's fidelity by setting him to do hard labor.

In Act IV Ferdinand proves his worth and is released from servitude by Prospero, who bestows his daughter's hand upon him, and entertains the lovers with magic spectacles. At this juncture a trio of conspirators who have plotted to murder Prospero meet with punishment at Ariel's hands.

The shipwrecked company are finally brought, in Act V, before Prospero, who is moved to compassion because of their sufferings. He reveals his identity to them and grants forgiveness, which they ask, for ancient wrongs. The prince's father also approves the union of Ferdinand and Miranda. Prospero renounces the magic art, and the entire company proceed home by means of the magically preserved ship, where Prospero's dukedom is restored to him.

SOURCES

Shakespeare is thought to have founded 'The Tempest' upon some older story or chronicle, though this has not yet been discovered. Collins, the poet, once alluded to an Italian novel, 'Aurelio and Isabella,' which seemed to tally in many places with the plot of 'The Tempest'; but no trace of this book can now be discovered.

The plot is clearly connected with stories and facts of adventure then rife. In 1609 Sir George Somers's ship, the 'Sea Venture,' was wrecked in the Bermudas, and the discovery of these islands roused

INTRODUCTION

wide comment. One of the published accounts of this, by Silvester Jourdain, was entitled 'A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with diuers others. London, 1610.' This pamphlet speaks of the general belief that the Bermudas 'were never inhabited by any Christian or Heathen people,' but were 'reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place'; stating, nevertheless, that those who were wrecked there lived comfortably and found the country fruitful and pleasant.

That Shakespeare had this discovery in mind when he wrote his play is evinced by numerous parallels. But Prospero's command to Ariel 'to fetch dew from the still vex'd Bermoothes' (Act I, Scene ii) would indicate that the poet did not wish to lay the scene of action in that spot. The story alone is to be connected with the Bermudas, while the scene is laid in 'an un-inhabited Island,' called Fairyland.

From Eden's 'History of Travayle' (1577), Shakespeare may have obtained some names, such as Ferdinand, Alonso, Sebastian, Gonzales, Setebos, and a few details.

Gonzalo's speech describing his commonwealth (Act II, Scene i) bears strong resemblance to a passage written 'Of the Caniballes,' in Florio's translation of Montaigne's 'Essays.'

The name of Caliban is a variant on the old spelling of 'canibal,' which, in turn, is another form of 'Caribal,' or inhabitant of the Caribbean Sea. And Caliban's brutish nature bears out the likeness in names.

Ariel is 'an ayrie Spirit,' as Shakespeare puts it. His name also occurs in rabbinical literature, among the names of angels.

THE TEMPEST

The opening lines of Prospero's invocation (Act V) recall similar lines in Golding's Ovid (XV).

A German play by Jacob Ayser of Nuremberg, called 'The Beautiful Sidea,' published in 1618, shows a strong similarity to Shakespeare's play, and has been supposed by some to be a German version of the same original which Shakespeare followed. But it seems more probable that Ayser derived his play from witnessing a performance of English strolling players, or by translating 'The Tempest' itself, both mediums being accessible in his day.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

'The Tempest' is one of the few plays which adhere strictly to the old rules governing 'Unity of Time.' The entire action is included within three or four hours, running between two and six in the afternoon of one day. This is brought out clearly in several places. In Prospero's first interview with Ariel, the sprite informs his master that it is 'past the mid-season.' And Prospero rejoins: 'At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now must by us both be spent most preciousy.' In Act V the time is verified in four places, finally where the boatswain finds the vessel safe, 'which, but three glasses since, we gave out split.' It has been claimed that the sailor's glass was only a half-hour glass, but the playwright certainly follows landsman's reckoning.

The period when it was supposed to have taken place was the present of Shakespeare's day.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

'The Tempest' falls readily into a class with the maturer plays. It was produced between the years

INTRODUCTION

1603 and 1611, the earlier limit being established by the reference to Montaigne alluded to above. Florio's translation of the 'Essays' did not appear until 1603. The later limit of 1611 is determined by the 'Court Revels' of James I's reign, which contains the following entry under the years 1611-12: 'By the King's Players. Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before ye King's Ma^{tie} a play called the Tempest.'

Ben Jonson very probably alludes to the play in his 'Bartholomew Fair' (1612-14): 'If there be never a Servant-monster i' the Fayre, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of Antiques? Hee is loth to make nature afraid in his Playes, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries.'

In 1613 the play appears among the list of those acted at court.

The internal evidence fixes the date even closer than does the external. We have previously seen that the plot is intimately allied to the expedition to the Bermudas made in the summer of 1609, and told about in pamphlet form in 1610.

The play was written, in all probability, in 1611.

EARLY EDITIONS

In the authoritative First Folio edition of 1623, 'The Tempest' occupies the first nineteen pages, this being the earliest known printing of the play. Its position at the head of the plays was arbitrary with the editors, though the placing may bear evidence of its popularity at that time. The text has come to us in a purer state than others, perhaps because it was the first one the printers set up, and they were more careful with it. On account of this, and the fact that there were no earlier Quarto versions to question its

THE TEMPEST

authority, 'The Tempest' has been comparatively free from editorial revisions in succeeding editions.

The play is the shortest of all, except 'The Comedie of Errors,' but was lengthened in presentation by the Masque and other stage pageantry introduced. The Epilogue is supposed to be by another writer.

THE TEMPEST

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*

PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, }
 } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }
 } *presented by Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE: *A ship at sea: an island.*]

THE TEMPEST



Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*On a ship at sea.*]

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.

Master.

BOTE-SWAIN.

Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall | too't,
yarely,¹ or we run our selves a ground, | bestirre,
bestirre. ¹ *lively* *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

10

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts:
yare, yare:² Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th' Masters
whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome e-
nough. ² *quicke*

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando,
Gonzalo, and others.*

Alon. Good Boteswaine have care: where's the Ma-
ster? Play the men.

15. *Anthonio:* Antonio—Rowe; all through—CAPELL.

15. *Ferdinando:* Ferdinand—Rowe.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson? 20

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour,
Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roa-
rers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble
us not. 26

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more love then my selfe. You are
a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to si-
lence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not
hand a rope more, use your authoritie: If you cannot,
give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make your
selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the
houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our
way I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks
he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion
is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his han-
ging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our
owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee
hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.* 41

Enter Boteswaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower,
bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague——

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

upon this howling: they are lowder then the weather,
or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we
give ore and drowne, have you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog. 50

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost. 60

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water sweare against it, And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.* Mercy on us. 71

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children, Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne

62-3. new l. at For-POPE.

66-7. new l. at The-POPE.

71-3. as stage cries indicating *confused noyse within*-CAPELL.

74. *with' King*: with the king-ROWE.

fills, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would
faine dye a dry death.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

[*The island.*]

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deerest father) you have
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A brave vessell
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke 10
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Have suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting¹ Soules within her. ^{1 lading}

Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Pros. No harme:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee 20
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never medle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time

I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand 30
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,

[*Lays down his mantle.*]

Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd

The very vertue of compassion in thee:

I have with such provision¹ in mine Art ^{1 foresight}

So safely ordered, that there is no soule

No not so much perdition as an hayre

Betid to any creature in the vessell

Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit
downe, |

For thou must now know farther. 40

Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt

And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,

Concluding, stay: not yet.

Pros. The howr's now come

The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,

Obeys, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this Cell?

I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old. 50

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?

Of any thing the Image, tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance

That my remembrance warrants: Had I not

Fowre, or five women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this lives in thy minde? What seest thou els 60

In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Pros. Twelve yere since (*Miranda*) twelve yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father 70
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princesse; no worse Issued.

Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes 79
To thinke oth' teene¹ that I have turn'd you to, ¹*grief*
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie, 90
The Government I cast upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported

And rapt in secret studies, thy false uncle
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t'advance, and who
To trash¹ for over-topping; new created ^{1 lop off}
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; having both the key, 100
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Pros. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother 110
Awak'd an evill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my renew yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleewe 120
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th'Substitution
And executing th'outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogative: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'stthou heare?

117. *exact. Like: exact, like*—Rowe.

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

Pros. To have no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates 130
(so drie¹ he was for Sway) with King of *Naples* ¹*thirst*
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subject his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens:

Pros. Marke his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother, 140
Good wombes have borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie levied, one mid-night 150
Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pittie:

I not remembering how I cride out then

129. *roalties*: royalties-3-4F.

131. *with King*: wi'the King-CAPELL.

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire: to ride
 On the curld clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
 Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To every Article.
 I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
 Now in the Waste,¹ the Decke, in every Cabyn, 230
 I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd divide ¹*midship*
 And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
 The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meete, andjoyne. *Joves* Lightning, the precursors
 O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
 And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
 Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit, 240
 Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle²
 Would not infect his reason? ²*turmoil*

Ar. Not a soule
 But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
 Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
 Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
 With haire up-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
 Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
 And all the Divels are heere. 250

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
 But was not this nye shore?

233. *Bore-spritt*: bowsprit—POPE.

246-7. *vessell*; *Then all .. me the*: vessel, *Then all .. me: the*—
 ROWE.

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perishd:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne have I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes, 260
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me up at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vest *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;
The Marriners all under hatches stowed, 270
Who, with a Charme joynd to their suffred labour
I have left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met againe,
And are upon the *Mediterranian* Flote ¹ *flood*
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th'day? 280

Ar. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more: 290

Ar. I prethee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate¹ me a full yeere. ¹*abate*

Pro. Do'st thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.

Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deepe;

To run upon the sharpe winde of the North, 300

To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth

When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must 310

Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*

Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
child, |

297. new l. at *Ar.*—POPE.

316. new l. at *Ar.*—ROWE.

And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my slave,
 As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her servant,
 And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate 320
 To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
 By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
 And in her most unmittigable rage,
 Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
 A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
 And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
 As fast as Mill-wheelles strike: Then was this Island
 (Save for the Son, that he did littour heere, 330
 A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
 A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
 Whom now I keepe in service, thou best know'st
 What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
 Did make wolves howle, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
 Could not againe undoe: it was mine Art, 340
 When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
 The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
 And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,
 I will be correspondent to command
 And doe my spryting, gently.

319. *was: wast*—Rowe.

330. *be: she*—Rowe.

349. *spryting: spiriting*—Rowe.

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee. 350

Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th'Sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake. 360

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yeelds us kinde answers.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not love to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in Offices
That profit us: What hoa: slave: *Caliban*: 370
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water*
Fine apparision: my queint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poysonous slave, got by the divell himselve
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd 380

354-5. 2 ll. ending subject, invisible—MALONE.

357-8. 1 l. ending diligence—POPE.

365-7. 2 ll. ending Sir, 'tis—POPE.

With Ravens feather from unwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up, Urchins¹
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke ¹*imps*
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner: 390
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lov'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you: 400
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindnes: I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done: 410
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. [*Pros.*] Abhorred Slave,

393. *made: madest*—Rowe.

413. *Mira.*'s speech given to *Pros.*—THEOBALD.

Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
 One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage)
 Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes 419
 With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race¹
 (Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou ¹stock
 Deservedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
 Deserv'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
 For learning me your language.

Pros. Hag-seed, hence:
 Fetch us in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
 To answer other businesse: shrug'st thou (Malice) 430
 If thou neglectst, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
 Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
 [*Aside*] I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
 It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
 And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So slave, hence.

Exit Cal. 439

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come unto these yellow sands,
 and then take hands:
 Curtsied when you have, and kist
 the wilde waves whist:

*Foot it featly beere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen.* Burthen dispersedly.

*Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.*

*Ar. Hark, bark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanti-
clere | cry cockadiddle-dowe.* 450

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th'
earth? |

It sounds no more: and sure it waytes upon
Some God 'oth' Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariell Song. Full fadom five thy Father lies, 460
Of his bones are Corral made:
Those are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound 470

445-6. *beare the burthen: the burthen bear*—POPE.

445-6. 2 ll. ending *there and bear*—CAPELL.

447-8. 4 ll. ending *hark! wow, bark, wow*—CAPELL.

449. 2 rhymed ll. ending *hear and chanticleer*—CAPELL.

460. *Song: sings*—CAPELL.

That the earth owes:¹ I heare it now above me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond. ¹ *claims*

Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeve me sir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we have: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd²
With greefe (that's beauties canker) thou might'st call
him | ² *disfigured* 480

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing naturall
I ever saw so Noble.

Pro. [*Aside*] It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddess 489
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heavens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken. 500

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
 And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,
 Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebbe) beheld
 The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
 And his brave sonne, being twaine. 510

Pro. [*Aside*] The Duke of *Millaine*
 And his more braver daughter, could controll¹ thee
 If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight ¹ *confute*
 They have chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
 Ile set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word good Sir,
 I feare you have done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speakes my father so ungently? This
 Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
 That ere I sigh'd for: pittie move my father
 To be enclin'd my way. 520

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
 And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
 The Queene of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more. [*Aside*]
 They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
 I must uneasie make, least too light winning
 Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more: I
 charge thee |
 That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere usurpe
 The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
 Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it 530
 From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a
 Temple, |
 If the ill-spirit have so fayre a house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Pros. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
 Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
 Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be 539
 The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
 Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,

I will resist such entertainment,¹ till ¹ *treatment*
 Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father,

Make not too rash a triall of him, for
 Hee's gentle,² and not fearfull.³ ² *spirited* ³ *harmful*

Pros. What I say,

My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword up Traitor, 550
 Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
 Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
 For I can heere disarm thee with this sticke,
 And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you Father.

Pros. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir have pity,

Ile be his surety.

Pros. Silence: One word more 559
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,

An advocate for an Impostor? Hush:
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
 (Having seene but him and *Caliban*;) Foolish wench,
 To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
 And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then most humble: I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on, obey:

Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe. 570

537. *Pros.*: out—*ROWE*.

And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound up:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison. 580

Pros. [*Aside*] It workes: [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: [*To Fer.*] follow me,
[*To Ari.*] Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command. 590

Ariell. To th'syllable.

Pros. Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

[*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzaiò, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you have cause,
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, some Saylor's wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,

(I meane our preservation) few in millions 10
 Can speake like us: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
 Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore so.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding up the watch of his wit,
 By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.¹ 1 count

Gon. When every greefe is entertaind, 20
 That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken
 truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier then I meant you
 should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet 30

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
 First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha. 40

Ant. So: you'r paid.

16-17. prose-POPE.

20-1. new l. at Comes-CAPELL

32-3. prose-POPE.

40-1. 1 l.; *Ant.*'s speech given to *Seb.*-THEOBALD.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.¹ ¹ *climate*

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones. 51

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save meanes to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He misses not much. 60

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would it not say he lyes? 70

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

56-7. 1 1.—POPE.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widow in? Widdow *Dido!* 81

Seb. What if he had said Widdower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage?* *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too. 89

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*. 100

Ant. O Widdow *Dido?* I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

87. new l. at *Gon.*—*ROWE*.

88. *Ant.*'s. speech given to *Seb.*—*CAMBRIDGE*.

95. new l. at *Ant.*—*ROWE*.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against
 the stomacke of my sense: would I had never
 Married my daughter there: For comming thence
 My sonne is lost, and (in my rate¹) she too,
 Who is so farre from *Italy* removed, ¹*judgment* 110
 I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire
 Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish
 Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live,
 I saw him beate the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backes; he trod the water
 Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
 The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept. and oared
 Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke 120
 To th'shore; that ore his wave-worne basis bowed
 As stooping to releve him: I not doubt
 He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
 That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
 But rather loose her to an Affrican,
 Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
 Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace. 130

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
 By all of us: and the faire soule her selfe
 Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
 Which end o'th'beame should bow: we have lost your
 son, |
 I feare for ever: *Millaine* and *Naples* have
 Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
 Then we bring men to comfort them:
 The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'st oth'losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*, 140

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation¹ of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed. ¹ *colonization*

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes. 150

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I would (by contraries)

Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, poverty,

And use of service, none: Contract, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tilth,² Vineyard none:

No use of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all: ² *tillage* 160

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets
the beginning. ³ *war-machine* ⁴ *plenty*

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: Treason, felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine³
Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon,⁴ all abundance 170

144. new l. at *Ant.*—Rowe.

147. new l. at *Ant.*—Rowe.

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaves,

Gon. I would with such perfection governe Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to me. |

Gon. I do well beleewe your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes use to laugh at nothing. 182

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of brave mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it five weekes without changing. 190

Enter Ariell [invisible] playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*]

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes

176. 'Save: God save-HUDSON.

176. new l. at *Ant.*-ROWE.

187. *And:* AN-POPE.

Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so. 200

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,

While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonzo sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Clymate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde 210
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might

Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:

And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination see's a Crowne

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking? 220

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving:

And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st

199-206. 7 five-accent ll. ending find, sir, it, doth, lord, rest,
heavy—POPE.

Whiles thou art waking.

230

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

240

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

250

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's alive,
'Tis as impossible that hee's undrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That hee's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope, 260
What great hope have you? No hope that way, Is

Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post: 271
The Man i'th *Moone*'s too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stufte is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is she heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions 280
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure us backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make 290
A Chough of as deepe chiat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?

267. new l. at **Who's—POPE.**

Seb. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do's your content¹

¹ *desire*

Tender² your owne good fortune?

² *incline*

Seb. I remember

³ *chilblain*

You did supplant your Brothet *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments sit upon me, 300

Much feater then before: My Brothers servants

Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe³

'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not

This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences

That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,

And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,

No better then the earth he lies upon, 309

If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)

Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)

Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus,

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest

They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,

They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that

We say befits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*, 320

I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,

And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I reare my hand, do you the like

298. *Brothet*: brother-2-4F. 320. *president*: precedent-Pope.

To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They talk apart.*]

Enter Ariell [invisible] with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth 330
(For else his project dies) to keepe them living.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

While you here do snooring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracie

His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care,

Shake off slumber and beware.

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King. 340

[*They wake.*]

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?¹
Wherefore this ghastly looking? ¹*with swords out*

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare 350
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,

I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poore sonne. 360

Gon. Heavens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island.

Alo. Lead away.

Ariell. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I have
done. |
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes up
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By yench-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Urchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, unlesse he bid 'em; but 10
For every trifle, are they set upon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*

12. *moe: mow-Dyce.*

For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

20

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard¹ that would shed his licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paile-fuls. What have we here, a man, or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-John:² a strange fish: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would give a peece of silver: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: [*Thunder.*] Alas, | the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe un- | der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea- | bout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel- | lowes: I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme | be past. ¹leather jug ²herring 44

Enter Stephano singing [a bottle in his hand].

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore. |

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans

46. new l. at Here—CAPELL.

47-8. prose—POPE.

Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*

*Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate* 50

*Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of us car'd for Kate.*

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:

She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh. 60

Ste. What's the matter?

Have we divels here?

Doe you put trickes upon's with Salvages, and Men of Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as proper a man as ever went on foure legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh. 69

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the divell should he learne our language? I will give him some reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Present for any Emperour that ever trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faster. 78

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the

wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee have never drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit: if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* workes upon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe. 92

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be,
But hee is dround; and these are divels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to utter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth. 102

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a divell, and no Monster: I will leave him, I have no long Spooone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*. 109

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges,

these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne? I hid mee under the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd? 120

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: | that's a brave God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will | kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?
How cam'st thou hither?

Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaved o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a-shore. 132

Cal. I'le sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke i'le be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.
Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose. 140

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke

123. and: an—POPE.

123-5. 3 ll. verse ending sprites, liquor, him—JOHNSON.

126-7. prose—POPE.

138-9. prose—POPE

by th'sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I have seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare. 151

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afeard of him? a very weake Monster: The Man ith' Moone?

A most poore creadulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. Ile shew thee every fertill ynych 'oth Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle. 160

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot. Ile sweare my selfe thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scurvie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve; 171
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

143-4. prose-POPE. 154-6. prose-POPE. 167-8. prose-POPE.
169-73. 5 ll. verse ending berries, enough, serve, thee, man-
POPE.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Jayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me? 181

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fish, 190

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O brave Monster; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse

176-81. 6 ll. verse ending grow, nuts, how, bring thee, get thee, me—POPE.

191. new l. at At—CAPELL.

195. high-day, high-day .. high-day: heyday—ROWE.

Are nobly undergon; and most poore matters
 Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
 Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
 The Mistris which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
 Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed; 10
 And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remove
 Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction; my sweet Mistris
 Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
 Had never like Executor: I forget:
 But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours,
 Most busie lest, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda*

Mir. Alas, now pray you *and Prospero*

[*at a distance unseen*].

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those Logs that you are enjoynd to pile: 20
 Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
 'Twill weepe for having wearied you: my Father
 Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,
 Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,
 The Sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'l sit downe
 Ile beare your Logges the while: pray give me that,
 Ile carry it to the pile. 30

Fer. No precious Creature,
 I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
 Then you should such dishonor undergoe,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
 As well as it do's you; and I should do it
 With much more ease: for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.

40

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,
I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deerest to the world: full many a Lady 50
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for severall vertues
Have I lik'd severall women, never any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile.¹ But you, O you, ¹ *discredit*
So perfect, and so peetlesse, are created
Of everie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know 60
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Save from my glasse, mine owne: Nor have I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle

58. *peetlesse*: *peerless*—2-4F.

Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts 70
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slaverie, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man. 80

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
And crowne what I professe with kinde event
If I speake true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter 90
Of two most rare affections: heavens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weepe you?

Mir: At mine unworthinesse, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me; 100
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow

You may denie me, but Ile be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (deereſt)
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till halfe an houre hence. 110

Fer. A thousand, thousand. *Exeunt*

[*Fer. and Mir. severally*].

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke
water, not a drop before; therefore beare up, & boord
em' Servant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Servant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they
say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them,
if th'other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee, thy
eies are almost set in thy head. 10

Trin. Where should they bee set else? hee were a
brave Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swim

ere I could recover the shore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster. 19

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe: Ile not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to justle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster? 30

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you prove a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee? 40

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou jesting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
I do not lye.

50

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will
Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st)
But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serve thee. 60

Ste. How now shall this be compast?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,
Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch:
I do beseech thy Greatnesse give him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him
Where the quicke Freshes¹ are.

¹ springs 70

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this
hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a
Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, [*Beats Trin.*]

As you like this, give me the lye another time. 80

Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o' your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monster, and the divell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
He beate him too. 90

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
Having first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand¹ with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not¹ *windpipe*
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, 100
He ha's brave Utensils (for so he calles them)
Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I never saw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,
As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lasse? 109

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, save our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:

Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liv'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

120

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let us be jocond. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let us sing.

Sings.

*Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em,
Thought is free.*

130

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a *Tabor* and *Pipe*.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a divell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy upon us.

140

Cal. Art thou affeard?

114-15, 117-18. prose—POPE.

126-7. prose—POPE.

129. new l. at And scout—GLOBE. 136-7, 139-40. prose—POPE.

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,
 Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not:
 Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
 Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,
 That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
 Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
 Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd 150
 I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdome to me,
 Where I shall have my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:
 I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away,
 Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,
 Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer, 160
 He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
 Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzallo,
 Adrian, Francisco, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
 My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
 Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
 I needes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
 Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
 To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest: 10
 Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
 No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
 Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
 Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad, that he's so
 out of hope: |
 Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
 That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage will we
 take throughly. |

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to night,
 For now they are oppress'd with travaile, they 20
 Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
 As when they are fresh.

*Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (invi-
 sible:) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Ban-
 ket; | and dance about it with gentle actions of salu-
 tations, and | inviting the King, &c. to eate, they
 depart. |*

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musicke. 29

Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens: what were these?

Seb. A living *Drolierie*:¹ now I will beleeve
 That there are Unicornes: that in *Arabia*
 There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
 At this houre reigning there. ¹ *puppet-show*

Ant. Ile beleeve both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me
 And Ile besworne 'tis true: Travellers nere did lye,
 Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they beleeve me? 40

If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

Our humane generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost any.

Pro. [*Aside*] Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;

Are worse then divels.

Al. I cannot too much muse

50

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kinde

Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They have left their Viands behinde; for wee have sto-
macks. |

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alo. Not I.

59

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were
Boyes |

Who would beleeve that there were Mountayneeres,

Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde

Each putter out¹ of five for one, will bring us

Good warrant of.

¹*insured traveller*

Al. I will stand to, and feede,

Although my last, no matter, since I feele

41. *Islands*: islanders—2-4F.

44. *gentle, kinde*: gentle-kind—THEOBALD.

The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we. 70

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps
his wings upon the Table, and with a quient device the
Banquet vanishes.*

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the never surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most unfit to live: I have made you mad; 79
And even with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper selves: [*Alon., Seb., &c., draw their
swords.*] you fooles, I and my fellowes |
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle¹ that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt, ^{1 down-fibre}
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three 90
From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero*,
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
They have bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend

70. too: to-4F.

86. plumbe: plume-Rowe.

You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals 101
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the
shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and
carrying out the Table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpie*, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had devouring:
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say: so, with good life, 110
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their severall kindes have done: my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my powre;
And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is droun'd)
And his, and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*]

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous: 120
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper*: it did base my Trespasse,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.* 130

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like poyson given to worke a great time after)

Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler joynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie¹

May now provoke them to.

¹ *madness*

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austere^{ly} punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I live: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heaven
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her.

10

Fer. I doe beleeeve it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet aspersion² shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew

² *rain-shower*

20

5. *third*: *thrid*-WRIGHT.

11. *of*: *off*-2-4F.

20. *right*: *rite*-ROWE.

The union of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such love, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion, 30
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phæbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke;

Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my industrious servant *Ariell*. Enter *Ariell*.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last service
Did worthily performe: and I must use you 41
In such another trick: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I give thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe, 50
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop,¹ and mowe.² ¹*pout* ²*grimace*
Doe you love me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceive.

Exit.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not give dalliance
Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abstentious, 60
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary, ¹ ^{1 train}
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft musick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease; 70
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where live nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stover, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which spungie *Aprill*, at thy hest betrimms;
To make cold Nymphes chast crownes; & thy broome-
groves; |
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves,
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge stirrile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I. 80
Bids thee leave these, & with her soveraigne grace, *Juno*
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends.*
To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,

60. *abstentious*: *abstemious*—2-4F.

70. *Fetches*: *vetches*—CAPELL.

83. *here*: *her*—ROWE.

And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
 My boskie acres, and my unshrubd downe, 90
 Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bles'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
 Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
 The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
 Her, and her blind-Boyes scandald company, 100
 I have forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
 Be not afraid: I met her deitie
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
 Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charme, upon this Man and Maide,
 Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
 Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes, 110
 Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
 Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

[*Enter Juno.*]

Ju. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
 To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
 And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*

Ju. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and encreasing,
 Hourely joyes, be still upon you, 120
Juno sings her blessings on you.

[*Cer.*] *Earths* increase, foyzon plentie,
 Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, wtth goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majesticke vision, and 130
 Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
 To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever,
 So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
 Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously, 140
 There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
 Or else our spell is mar'd.

Juno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.

Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of the windring brooks,
 With your sedg'd crownes, and ever-harmelesse lookes,
 Leave your crispe¹ channels, and on this greene-Land
 Answer your summons, *Juno* do's command.
 Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
 A Contract of true Love: be not too late. ¹curving

125. wtth: with-2-4F.

Enter Certaine Nymphes.

150

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
 Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
 Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh Nymphes encounter every one
 In Country footing.

*Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they joyne with
 the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end
 where- | of, Prospero starts sodainly and speakes,
 after which to a | strange hollow and confused noyse,
 they heavily vanish. |*

Pro. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foule conspiracy 160
 Of the beast *Calliban*, and his confederates
 Against my life: the minute of their plot
 Is almost come: [*To the Spirits*] Well done, avoid:
 no more. |

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
 That workes him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
 Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mov'd sort,
 As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
 Our Revels now are ended: These our actors, 170
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
 And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
 The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
 Leave not a racke behinde: we are such stufte
 As dreames are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext, 180
 Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
 And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
 To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd 192
 Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
 So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
 For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
 For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
 Towards their project: then I beate my Tabor,
 At which like unback't colts they prickt their eares,
 Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses 201
 As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
 That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
 Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
 I'th'filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
 There dancing up to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
 Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
 Thy shape invisible retaine thou still: 210

The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither ¹*snare*
For stale¹ to catch these theeves. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Devill, a borne-Devill, on whose nature
Nurture can never sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, *loaden with glistering apparell, &c.* *Enter*
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, *all wet.* [*Pros-*
pero and Ariell remain invisible.] | 220

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmles
Fairy, |
Has done little better then plaid the Jacke with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour stil, 230
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's husht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

212. new l. at *Ar.*—Rowe.

218. *on them: them on*—Rowe.

221-2. new l. at *Hear*—Rowe.

223-9. prose—Pope.

235-40. prose—Pope.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour. 240

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand,
I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash. 250

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
frippery,¹ O King *Stephano*. ¹*old-clothes shop*

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile
have that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you
meane |

To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuffe. 260

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this
my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jer-
kin you are like to lose your haire, & prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and levell, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; heer's a garment for't:
Wit shall not goe un-rewarded while I am King of this
Country: Steale by line and levell, is an excellent passe
of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime² upon your fin-
gers, and away with the rest. ²*bird-lime* 271

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall loose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this
away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you
out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

279

*A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape
of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero
and Ariel setting them on.*

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.

[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their joynts
With dry Convulsions, shorten up their sinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

290

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me service.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

292. *Lies: Lie—Rowe.*

Ar. On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers? 10

Ar. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your release: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops 20
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relish all as sharpely,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd then thou art? 30
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariell*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,

And they shall be themselves.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Exit.

Pro. Ye Elves of hils, brooks, standing lakes & groves,
 And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote 41
 Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
 When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
 By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
 Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that rejoyce
 To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
 (Weake Masters though ye be) I have bedymn'd
 The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
 And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault 50
 Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted *Joves* stowt Oke
 With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 The Pyne, and Cedar. Graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
 I heere abjure: and when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly Musicke (which even now I do)
 To worke mine end upon their Sences, that 60
 This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
 Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
 And deeper then did ever Plummet sound
 Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musicke.*

*Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke
 ge- | sture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and
 Anthonio in | like manner attended by Adrian and
 Francisco: They all | enter the circle which Prospero
 had made, and there stand | charm'd: which Pros-
 pero observing, speakes. |*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, 70
 To an unsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
 (Now uselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
 For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
 Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
 Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steales upon the night
 (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
 Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their cleerer reason. O good *Gonzallo* 80

My true preserver, and a loyall Sir,
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly
 Did thou *Alonso*, use me, and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
 Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud,
 You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
 Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would heere have kill'd your King: I do forgive thee,
 Unnaturall though thou art: Their understanding 91
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
 That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
 Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
 I will discase me, and my selfe present
 As I was sometime *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

72. *boile*: boil'd—POPE.

84. *Did*: Didst (catchword in 1F.)—3-4F.

87. *entertaine*: entertain'd—3-4F.

88. *whom*: who—ROWE

94. *ly*: lies—3-4F.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him. 100

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I shall misse Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedome: so, so, so. To the Kings ship, invisible as thou art, 110 There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe Under the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine Being awake, enforce them to this place; And presently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement Inhabits heere: some heavenly power guide us Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King 120 The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero*: For more assurance that a living Prince Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body, And to thee, and thy Company, I bid A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee'st he or no, Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me, (As late I have beene) I not know: thy Pulse Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee, Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which 130

I feare a madnesse held me: this must crave
 (And if this be at all) a most strange story.
 Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero*
 Be living, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
 Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,
 Or be not, I'le not sweare. 140

Pro. You doe yet taste
 Some subtleties o'th' Isle, that will nor let you
 Beleeve things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
 [*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.*]

But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
 I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne upon you
 And justifie you Traitors: at this time
 I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The Divell speakes in him:

Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother 150
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
 My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
 Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou beest *Prospero*
 Give us particulars of thy preservation,
 How thou hast met us heere, whom three howres since
 Were wrackt upon this shore? where I have lost
 (How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
 My deere sonne *Ferdinand*. 160

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

132. *And:* An-POPE.

157. *whom:* who-2-4F.

142. *nor:* not-3-4F.

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You have not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I have her soveraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere losse, have I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I 171
Have lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?

Oh heavens, that they were living both in *Nalpes*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devoure their reason, and scarce thinke 180
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoev'r you have
Beene justled from your sences, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
Upon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir; 190
This Cell's my Court: heere have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome since you have given me againe,

I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chesse.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest love, 200
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle, |

And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels.*]

Alo. Now all the blessings 210
Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankind is? O brave new world
That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play? |

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is she the goddesse that hath sever'd us, 220
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;

But by immortall providence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his advise: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,

Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
 But never saw before: of whom I have
 Receiv'd a second life; and second Father
 This Lady makes him to me.

230

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it sound, that I
 Must aske my childe forgiveness?

Pro. There Sir stop,

Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
 A heavinesse that's gon.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
 And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
 For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
 Which brought us hither.

240

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzallo*.

Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
 Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoyce
 Beyond a common joy, and set it downe
 With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
 Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
 And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
 Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedome
 In a poore Isle: and all of us, our selves,
 When no man was his owne.

250

Alo. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
 Let grieve and sorrow still embrace his heart,
 That doth not wish you joy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine
 amazedly following.*

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of us:
 I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land

This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy, 26
That swear'st Grace ore-board, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ar. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. 27

Pro. [*Aside to Ar.*] My tricksey Spirit.

Alo. These are not naturall events, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither.

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange, and severall noyse
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty; 28
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dreame, were we divided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done?

Pro. [*Aside to Ar.*] Bravely (my diligence) thou
shalt be free. |

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was ever conduct of: some Oracle 29

Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolve you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: [*Aside to Ar.*] Come
hither Spirit, |
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Untye the Spell: [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious
Sir? | 300
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Corasio*.

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave Spirits indeede: 310
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are these, my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knave;

295. *shortly single*): *shortly*, *single*—POPE. 305-7. *prose*—POPE.
307. *Corasio*: *Coragio*—2-4F.

His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong 320 5
 That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs, ,
 And deale in her command, without her power:
 These three have robd me, and this demy-divell;
 (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
 To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
 Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
 Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch't to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now; 330

Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
 Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
 How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
 That I feare me will never out of my bones:
 I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'the Isle, Sirha? 340

Ste. I should have bin a sore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Cal.*]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
 As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
 Take with you your Companions: as you looke
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,
 And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
 Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
 And worship this dull foole? 350

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it. |

Seb. Or stole it rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne 360
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,
Where I have hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belov'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alo. I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the eare starngely.

Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales, 370
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

368. *starngely*: *strangely*-2-4F.

EPILOGUE,

spoken by *Prospero*.

*N*OW my Charms are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I have's mine owne.
Which is most faint: now 't is true
I must be heere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not
Since I have my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my project failes,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Unlesse I be reliev'd by praier
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

10

20

Exit.

The Scene, an un-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.

Anthonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a salvage and deformed slave.

Trinculo, a Jester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris

Ceres

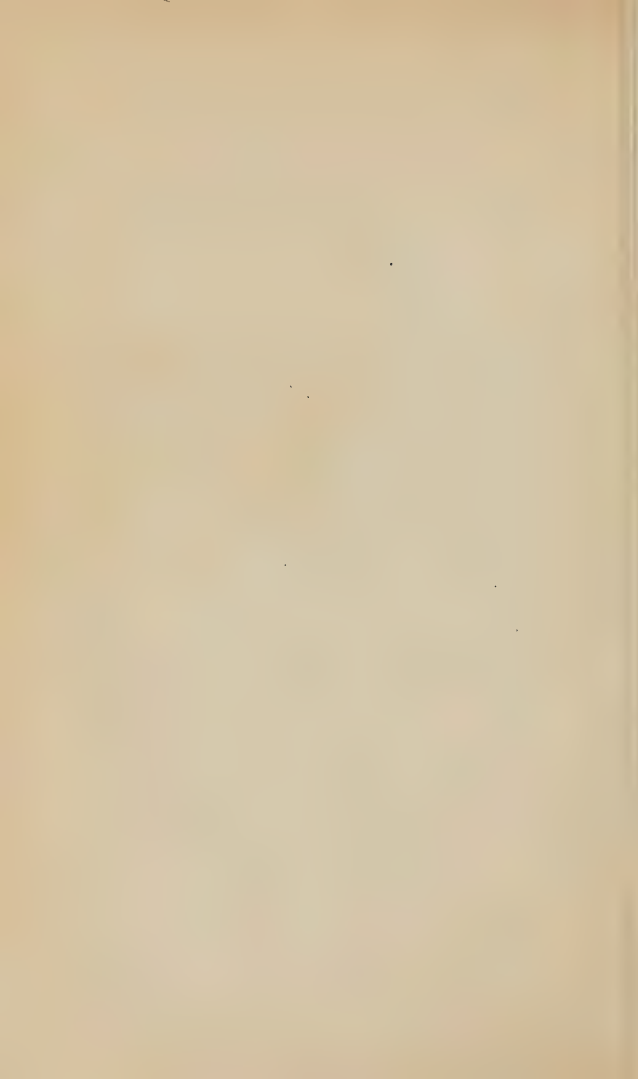
Juno

Nymphes

Reapers

} *Spirits.*

FINIS.



THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

First printed in First Folio, 1623



INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

‘THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA’ is an early comedy of character, contrasting genuine with fickle loves, and true friendships with false ones.

Valentine and Proteus, two gentlemen of Verona, are trusted friends who become separated because the former desires to go to Milan to seek his fortune. Proteus, however, will not accompany him, for love of a Veronese maiden, Julia. But Proteus’s father overrules his decision and sends him to join his friend in Milan.

Act II tells of Valentine’s arrival in Milan, where he woos and wins Silvia, the much-sought-after daughter of the duke. But the duke objects to this match, and the lovers plan to elope.

Proteus now arrives in Milan, where he is warmly greeted by his friend, who confides to him the secret of the projected elopement and asks his aid. Proteus promises it; but, having seen Silvia, forgets his promise and his vows to Julia, and resolves to win Silvia for himself.

The false Proteus, in Act III, tells the duke of the intended flight, and causes Valentine’s banishment. Valentine, in Act IV, takes refuge in a neighboring forest, where he becomes chief of a band of outlaws.

The forsaken Julia arrives in Milan, dressed as a

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

boy, and attaches herself incognito as page to Proteus. He employs her as messenger to Silvia with love-tokens, but Silvia repulses him.

In Act V, Silvia goes in search of Valentine, and falls into the clutches of her lover's outlaws. Before they can bring her to the chief, she is rescued by Proteus, who tries to compel her to accept him. Valentine appears and learns of his friend's perfidy, but forgives him when the latter sues for pardon. Silvia is restored to Valentine; Julia's identity is discovered, and Proteus is glad to receive her again; and the duke, who meanwhile has been captured by the outlaws, accepts Valentine and grants his band the rights of citizenship.

SOURCES

Several coincidences are to be seen between this story and that of the shepherdess Felismena in the 'Diana' of George de Montemayor, translated from the Portuguese about 1582, but not published till 1598—notably, a lover's departure to another city, where he loves another lady; the forsaken lady's quest of him in the disguise of a page; and his choice of her as his messenger. These resemblances have given rise to the belief that Shakespeare was indebted to this story in his 'Two Gentlemen.' But such romances were then quite common. Shakespeare himself makes use of a girl page again as messenger in 'Twelfth Night,' and Beaumont and Fletcher's charming Bellario, in 'Philaster,' cannot be forgotten.

'The Two Gentlemen' was published before Yonge's translation of 'Diana' appeared, though the latter, as we have seen, had been written for several years. It seems probable, therefore, that Shakespeare

INTRODUCTION

was not directly indebted to Montemayor. A play entitled 'Felix and Philomena' was produced in 1584, which contains many of the same situations; and 'The Two Gentlemen' may easily have followed that.

In the German a similar play, entitled 'Julio und Hippolyta,' is to be found.

Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia' introduces the hero, at one point, as leader of a band of outlaws who were revolted Helots; and Sidney was an admiring reader of 'Diana.' Shakespeare may have obtained his robber episode from Sidney.

A summing up shows that stories of this nature were plentiful and could easily have come to Shakespeare's hands in a dozen different ways, through stage, book-shop, or tavern.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The actual time supposed to elapse on the stage is seven days, but a much longer period is indicated by intervals between scenes and acts. The first two scenes of the play occur on the first day. Then comes an interval of several weeks, enough time to permit Valentine to reach Milan and receive word coming from Verona. The second day is taken up by Act I, scene iii, and Act II, scene i. The third day occupies Act II, scenes ii and iii. An interval ensues, long enough for Proteus to journey to Milan. The fourth day occupies Act II, scenes iv and v. An interval occurs of a day or two, leading up to the day before the night of the lovers' projected elopement. The fifth day occupies Act II, scenes vi and vii, Act III, and Act IV, scene i. Julia's journey to Milan creates an interval. The sixth day occupies Act IV, scene

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

ii. The remainder of the play occurs on the seventh day.

The period is indicated only by an allusion to the 'Emperor in his royal court,' which may be the time of Charles V, who was lord of Milan about 1530.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' belongs to the early group of comedies, and certainly antedates 1598. Francis Meres, in his 'Palladis Tamia,' mentions it in that year. Its date cannot be definitely established, but internal evidence places it among the earliest. Its uncertain style and unstable plot, nice balancing of characters, regularity of blank verse, alliteration, and alternate rhymes are among the sure indications of an early period.

The subject has already been seen to identify itself with a species of romance in vogue about 1590, and forms a link between the pre-Shakespearian stories and the later dramas.

Its characters also belong to the early group, several of them prefiguring later and more finished types. Julia's page-play appears again in Viola, Portia, Rosalind, and Imogen. Julia and her maid are paralleled by Portia and Nerissa. The friar's cell gives a hint of Friar Lawrence in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Launce the clown has a more complete development in Launcelot Gobbo.

In brief, the play as a whole seems a preliminary study to later work. The closing scene shows undeniable haste, especially in Valentine's renunciation of Silvia upon the first weak-kneed apology of his false friend. This is neither natural nor plausible, and points to ancient Greek models where friendship is made to outrank love. In certain of Shakespeare's sonnets (XL,

INTRODUCTION

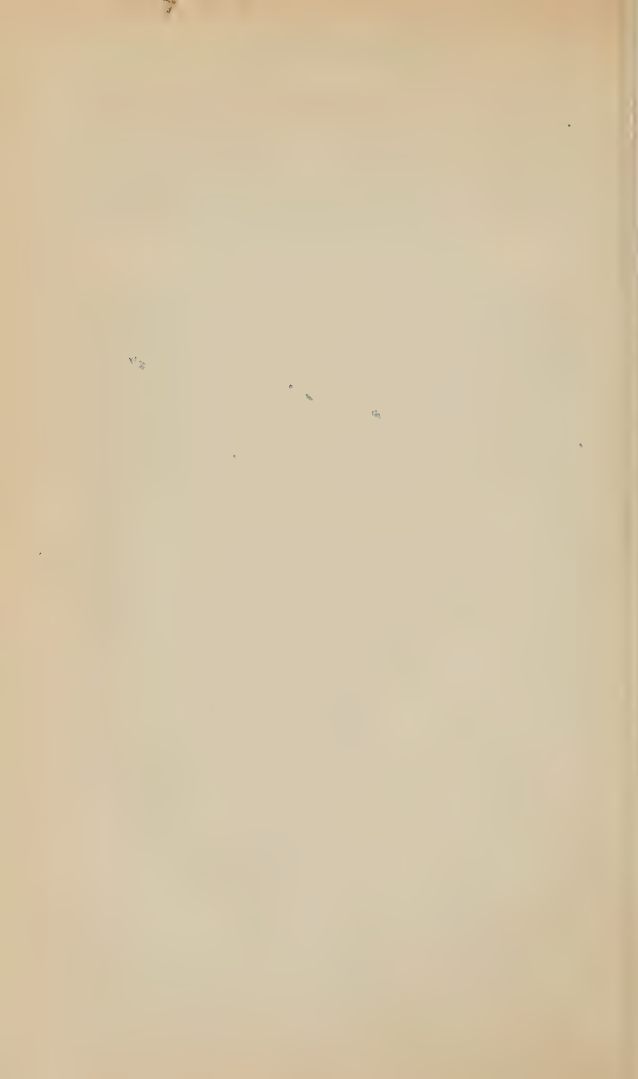
XLI, and XLII) the same influence is seen — an additional link in the chain of evidence placing this among the earliest of the plays.

Malone placed it at 1591; Chalmers, Drake, and others at 1595. The earlier date seems a safe surmise.

EARLY EDITIONS

There is no mention of this play's having been performed during the lifetime of the author. Nor did it appear in print in the early Quartos. Its first appearance is in the First Folio of 1623, where it follows immediately after the first play, 'The Tempest,' with the same number of pages, nineteen. Since it has no masque or interlude, it becomes even shorter in presentation than that short play.

Like 'The Tempest,' also, this play is comparatively free from errors in the text, although three strange ones are seen, in Acts II, III, and V, where 'Padua' and 'Verona' occur instead of 'Milan.' 'The Names of all the Actors' are given at the end.



THE TWO GENTLEMEN
OF VERONA

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTEUS, }

ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*

HOST, *where Julia lodges.*

OUTLAWS, *with Valentine.*

SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*

SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.*]

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA



Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*Verona. An open place.*]

Valentine: Proteus, and Speed.

Valentine.

CEASE to perswade, my loving *Proteus*;
Home-keeping-youth, have ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully sluggardiz'd at home) 10
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lov'st; love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Proteus*, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,

(If ever danger doe environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, 20
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Upon some booke I love, I'le pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow *Storie* of deepe love,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellespont*.

Pro. That's a deepe *Storie*, of a deeper love,
For he was more then over-shooes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over-bootes in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellespont*.

Pro. Over the Bootes? nay give me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not. 31

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love; where scorne is bought with
grones: |

Coy looks, with hart-sore sighes: one fading moments
mirth, |

With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights;

If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

How ever: but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit, by folly vanquished. 39

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis Love you cavill at, I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,

Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow, 50

Even so by Love, the yong, and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
 Loosing his verdure, even in the prime,
 And all the faire effects of future hopes.
 But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
 That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
 Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let us take our leave:
 To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters 61
 Of thy successe in love; and what newes else
 Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
 And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Love;
 He leaves his friends, to dignifie them more;
 I love my selfe, my friends, and all for love:
 Thou *Julia* thou hast metamorphis'd me: 70
 Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
 Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
 Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought.

[*Enter Speed.*]

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'save you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
 And I have plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
 And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then, and I Sheepe? 81

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proves me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile prove it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe. 92

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another prooffe will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gav'st thou my Letter to *Julia*? 99

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton¹) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gave mee (a lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons. ¹*girl of light repute*

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best sticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serve me for carrying your Letter. 110

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. [*First nodding*] I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.¹ ¹ *dolt*

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;
And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

Pro. And that set together is noddy. 119

Sp. Now you have taken the paines to set it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot over-take your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what said she. 130

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter:
And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare she'll prove as hard to you in telling your minde.
Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing? 141

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains:
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you have cestern'd me; |

143. *cestern'd*: *testerned*-2-4F.

In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe; And so Sir, I'le commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboarde,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:

[*Exit Speed.*]

I must goe send some better Messenger,
I feare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines, 150
Receiving them from such a worthlesse post. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*The same. Garden of Julia's house.*]

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Ju. But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)
Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in love?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Ju. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,
That every day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Lu. Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde,
According to my shallow simple skill. 10

Ju. What thinkst thou of the faire sir *Eglamoure*?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Ju. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

Ju. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in us.

Ju. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,

That I (unworthy body as I am) 20
Should censure¹ thus on lovely Gentlemen. ¹ criticize

Ju. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

Ju. Your reason?

Lu. I have no other but a womans reason:

I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

Ju. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your love not cast away.

Ju. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loves ye. 30

Ju. His little speaking, shewes his love but small.

Lu. Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.

Ju. They doe not love, that doe not shew their love.

Lu. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Ju. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruse this paper Madam.

Ju. To *Julia*: say, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will shew.

Ju. Say, say: who gave it thee? 39

Lu. Sir *Valentines* page & sent I think from *Protheus*;
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.

Ju. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker²:
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? 2 go-
To whisper, and conspire against my youth? between
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else returne no more into my sight.

Lu. To plead for love, deserves more fee, then hate.

Ju. Will ye be gon? 51

Lu. That you may ruminate. Exit.

Ju. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe,
 And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
 What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,
 And would not force the letter to my view?
 Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,
 Which they would have the profferer construe, I.
 Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish love; 60
 That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,
 And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?
 How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
 When willingly, I would have had her here?
 How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile?
 My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe
 And aske remission, for my folly past.
 What hoe: *Lucetta*.

[*Re-enter Lucetta.*]

Lu. What would your Ladiship? 70
Jul. Is't neere dinner time?
Lu. I would it were,
 That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,
 And not upon your Maid.
Ju. What is't that you
 Tooke up so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Ju. Why didst thou stoope then?
Lu. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing? 80
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.

56. *What 'foole:* What a fool—CAMBRIDGE.

75-6. I 1.—HALLIWELL.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Unlesse it have a false Interpreter.

Ju. Some love of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Give me a Note, your Ladiship can set

Ju. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Love*.

Lu. It is too heavy for so light a tune. 90

Ju. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,

Ju. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

Ju. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

Ju. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe. 100

Ju. You (Minion) are too saucie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat; ¹ *second part*
And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:¹
There wanteth but a Meane² to fill your Song. ² *tenor*

Ju. The meane is dround with you unruly base.

Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Ju. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation: [*Tears the letter.*]
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me. 110

Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter. [*Exit.*]

Ju. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such loving words;

89. *Light O, Love*: 'Light o' love'—THEOBALD.

95-6. 11.—HANMER.

113. *same*: same-2-4 F.

Injurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,
 And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;
 Ile kisse each severall paper, for amends:
 Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: unkinde *Julia*,
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones, 120
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.
 And here is writ, *Love wounded Protheus*.
 Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
 And thus I search¹ it with a soveraigne kisse. ¹ *probe*
 But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
 Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter, in the Letter,
 Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
 Unto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke, 130
 And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
 Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:
To the sweet Julia: that ile teare away:
 And yet I will not, sith² so prettily ² *since*
 He couples it, to his complaining Names;
 Thus will I fold them, one upon another;
 Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

[*Re-enter Lucetta.*]

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.

Ju. Well, let us goe. 140

Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?

Ju. If you respect them; best to take them up.

Ln. Nay, I was taken up, for laying them downe.
 Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

Ju. I see you have a months minde¹ to them.

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I winke. ¹*yearning*

Ju. Come, come, wilt please you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

[*The same. Antonio's house.*]

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad² talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him? ²*earnest*

Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out. 10
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Universities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment³ to his age,
In having knowne no travaile in his youth. ³*discredit*

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I have bin hamering. 21
I have consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court. 30

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
thither, |

There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, converse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercise
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou maist perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Even with the speediest expedition, 40
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are journeying, to salute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.

[*Enter Proteus.*]

Pro. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honors paune; 50
O that our Fathers would applaud our loves
To seale our happinesse with their consents.

Pro. Oh heavenly *Julia*.

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd, 60
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court: 70
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition¹ thou shalt have from me, ¹allowance
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone provided,
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on *Panthmo*; you shall be imployd, 79
To hasten on his Expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*]

Pro. Thus have I shund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my Father *Julias* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away.

90

[*Re-enter Panthino.*]

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in hast, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt.

Finis.

Actus secundus: Scœna Prima.

[*Milan. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.

Valen. Not mine: my Gloves are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, give it me, it's mine:

Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing divine,

Ah *Silvia, Silvia.*

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now Sirha?

10

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love? 18

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you have learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to relish a Love-song, like a *Robin-red-breast*: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence: to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-low-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner: when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master. 32

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Urinall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady. 41

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I meane.

Speed. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough. 50

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-favoured?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty. 60

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going ungarter'd. 72

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing deformitie: for hee beeing in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, beeing in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in love, for last morning |

You could not see to wipe my shooes. 79

Speed. True sir: I was in love with my bed, I thanke you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes mee the bolder to chide you, for yours. 83

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt? 90

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:

Peace, here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside*] Oh excellent motion;¹ oh exceeding
Puppet: | ¹ *puppet-show*
Now will he interpret to her.

[*Enter Silvia.*]

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] Oh, 'give ye-good-ev'n: heer's a
million of | manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest: & she
gives it him. |

Val. As you injoynd me; I have writ your Letter
Unto the secret, nameles friend of yours: 101
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Servant) 'tis very Clerkly-
done. |

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write
(Please you command) a thousand times as much: 110
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;

II. i. 123-151] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this again: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will: and yet, another yet. |

Val. What meanes your Ladship?
Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But (since unwillingly) take them againe. 120
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Silv. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so: if not: why so:

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow Servant. *Exit. Sil.* 131

Speed. Oh Jest unseene: inscrutable: invisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent devise, was there ever heard a better?
That my master being scribe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe? 140

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you that have the reason. |

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe? 150

Why, doe you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, beleeve me.

Speed. No beleeving you indeed sir:

But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath given you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, & there an end. |

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well: 160

For often have you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messenger, that might her mind discover |

Her self hath taught her Love himself, to write unto
her lover. |

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Love
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my
victuals; and would faine have meate: oh bee not like
your Mistresse, be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.* 171

Scœna secunda.[*Verona. Julia's house.*]*Enter Protheus, Julia, Panthion.**Pro.* Have patience, gentle *Julia*:*Jul.* I must where is no remedy.*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will returne.*Jul.* If you turne not: you will return the sooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.[*Giving a ring.*]*Pro.* Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.*Jul.* And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse. 10*Pro.* Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (*Julia*) for thy sake,
The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance
Torment me for my Loves forgetfulnesse:
My father staies my comming: answer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
Julia, farewell: what, gon without a word?[*Exit Julia.*]I, so true love should doe: it cannot speake, 20
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.[*Enter Panthino.*]*Panth.* Sir *Protheus*: you are staid for.*Pro.* Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore Lovers dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.[*The same. A street.*]*Enter Launce [leading a dog], Panthion.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done weeping: all the kinde¹ of the *Launces*, have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pittie in him then a dogge: a Jew would have wept to have seene our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why

30. *would-woman: wood woman*—THEOBALD. ¹ *kindred*

there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath up and downe:
Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes:
now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor
speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my
teares.

35

[*Enter Panthino.*]

Panth. *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is
ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the
matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose
the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the
unkindest Tide, that ever any man tide.

41

Panth. What's the unkindest tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and
in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy
voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master,
loose thy service, and in loosing thy service:——why
dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue?

50

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Ma-
ster, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the River
were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde
were downe, I could drive the boate with my sighes.

Panth. Come: come away man, I was sent to call
thee.

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

60

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.[*Milan. The Duke's palace.*]*Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.**Sil.* Servant.*Val.* Mistris.*Spee.* Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.*Val.* I Boy, it's for love.*Spee.* Not of you.*Val.* Of my Mistresse then.*Spee.* 'Twere good you knockt him.[*Exit.*]*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.

10

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.*Thu.* Seeme you that you are not?*Val.* Hap'ly I doe.*Thu.* So doe Counterfeyts.*Val.* So doe you.*Thu.* What seeme I that I am not?*Val.* Wise.*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?*Val.* Your folly.*Thu.* And how quoa¹ you my folly? ^{1mark} 20*Val.* I quoa it in your Jerkin.*Thu.* My Jerkin is a doublet.*Val.* Well then, Ile double your folly.*Thu.* How?*Sil.* What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?*Val.* Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.*Thu.* That hath more minde to feed on your bloud,
then live in your ayre.*Val.* You have said Sir.*Thu.* I Sir, and done too for this time.

30

Val. I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, & quickly shot off |

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire, Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladships looks, And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well sir: you have an Exchequer of words, | 40

And I thinke, no other treasure to give your followers: For it appears by their bare Liveries That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

[*Enter Duke.*]

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset. Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health, What say you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull, 50 To any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye, *Don Antonio*, your Countreiman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserves The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie

We have converst, and spent our howres together, 61
 And though my selfe have beene an idle 'Trewant,
 Omitting the sweet benefit of time
 To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:
 Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
 Made use, and faire advantage of his daies:
 His yeares but yong, but his experience old:
 His head un-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe;
 And in a word (for far behinde his worth
 Comes all the praises that I now bestow.) 70
 He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
 With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
 He is as worthy for an Empresse love,
 As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
 Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
 With Commendation from great Potentates,
 And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
 I thinke 'tis no un-welcome newes to you. 79

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he.

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
 For *Valentine*, I need not cite¹ him to it, ^{1incite}
 I will send him hither to you presently. [Exit.]

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
 Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
 Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.

Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
 Upon some other pawne for fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.

Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
 How could he see his way to seeke out you? 92

Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty paire of eyes.

Thur. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

II. iv. 97-120] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Val. To see such Lovers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Upon a homely object, Love can winke.

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

[*Enter Proteus.*]

Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to heare from. 101

Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a servant
To have a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.

Val. Leave off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.

Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And dutie never yet did want his meed. 110
Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.

Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthlesse.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Thur. [*Ser.*] Madam, my Lord your father wold
speak with you. |

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: [*Exit Ser.*] Come
Sir *Thurio*, |

Goe with me: once more, new Servant welcome;
Ile leave you to confer of home affaires,
When you have done, we looke too heare from you.

Pro. Wee'll both attend upon your Ladship. 120

[*Exeunt Silvia & Thurio.*]

Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are wel, & have them much commended. |

Val. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of Love were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.

Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I have done pennance for contemning Love,
Whose high emperious thoughts have punish'd me 130
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Love's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Service, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of love: 140
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Upon the very naked name of Love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

Val. Even She; and is she not a heavenly Saint?

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for Love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pils, 150
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour, 160
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?

Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone. 170

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in having such a Jewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate upon my love:
My foolish Rivall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Love (thou know'st is full of jealousy.) 180

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage
howre, |
With all the cunning manner of our flight

Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.

Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the Road, to dis-embarque 190
Some necessaries, that I needs must use,
And then Ile presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste? *Exit.*

Pro. I will.

Even as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength drives out another.
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression? 200
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I love,
(That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire
Beares no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more advice, 210
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring love, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile use my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.[*The same. A street.*]*Enter Speed and Launce.**Speed.* *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.*Laun.* Forsweare not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never undon till hee be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot¹ be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome.¹ *ale-house reckoning**Speed.* Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot¹ of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes: But sirha, how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*? 12*Lau.* Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairely in jest.*Spee.* But shall she marry him?*Lau.* No.*Spee.* How then? shall he marry her?*Lau.* No, neither.*Spee.* What, are they broken?*Lau.* No; they are both as whole as a fish. 20*Spee.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?*Lau.* Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.*Spee.* What an asse art thou, I understand thee not.*Lau.* What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not? My staffe understands me?*Spee.* What thou saist?*Lau.* I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my staffe understands me.*Spee.* It stands under thee indeed. 303. *Padua: Milan—Pope.*

Lau. Why, stand-under: and under-stand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it will.

Spee. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it so; but *Launce*, how saist thou that that my master is become a notable Lover? 40

Lau. I never knew him otherwise.

Spee. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.

Spee. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Lover.

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Love. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian. 52

Spee. Why?

Lau. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale¹ with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy service.

¹*ale-house*
Exeunt.

Scœna Sexta.

[*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?
To love faire *Silvia*; shall I be forsworne?

40. *that that: that-2-4F.*

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this three-fold perjurie.
Love bad mee sweare, and Love bids me for-sweare;
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subject) to excuse it. 10
At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:
Un-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
Whose soveraignty so oft thou hast preferd,
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leave to love; and yet I doe:
But there I leave to love, where I should love. 20
Julia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,
If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:
If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,
For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
I to my selfe am dearer then a friend,
For Love is still most precious in it selfe,
And *Silvia* (witnessse heaven that made her faire)
Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my Love to her is dead. 30
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to my selfe,
Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celestiall *Silvia's* chamber window,
My selfe in counsaile his competitor.
Now presently Ile give her father notice

Of their disguising and pretended flight:
 Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*: 40
 For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,
 But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly crosse
 By some slie tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
 As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scæna septima.

[*Verona. Julia's house.*]

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle assist me,
 And ev'n in kinde love, I doe conjure thee,
 Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly Character'd, and engrav'd,
 To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long. 10

Jul. A true-devoted Pilgrime is not weary
 To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
 Much lesse shall she that hath Loves wings to flie,
 And when the flight is made to one so deere,
 Of such divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, till *Protheus* make returne.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soules
 food? |

Pitty the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of Love, 20
 Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow
 As seeke to quench the fire of Love with words.

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loves hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Lest it should burne above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with th'enameld stones, 30
Giving a gentle kisse to every sedge
He over-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nookes he straes
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Love,
And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*. 40

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may besee me some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladship must cut your haire.

Jul. No girle, Ile knit it up in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be. 50

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breeches? |

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why ev'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*.)

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-peece (Madam) |

Jul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfavourd.

Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Unlesse you have a cod-peece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly. 60
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaide a journey?
I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Jul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare: 70
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitfull men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer starres did governe *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth. 80

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserve my love, by loving him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey:

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
 Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence: 90
 Come; answere not: but to it presently,
 I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

[*Milan. The Duke's palace.*]

*Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus, Valentine,
 Launce, Speed.*

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, give us leave (I pray) a while,
 We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thu.*]
 Now tell me *Proteus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discover
 The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
 But when I call to minde your gracious favours
 Done to me (undeserving as I am) 10
 My dutie pricks me on to utter that
 Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:
 Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
 This night intends to steale away your daughter:
 My selfe am one made privy to the plot.
 I know you have determin'd to bestow her
 On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
 And should she thus be stolne away from you,
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose 20
 To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
 Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
 A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe
 (Being unprevanted) to your timelesse grave.

9. *your*: *your*-2-4F.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs, my selfe have often seene,
 Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleepe,
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court. 30
 But fearing lest my jealous ayme might erre,
 And so (unworthily) disgrace the man
 (A rashnesse that I ever yet have shun'd)
 I gave him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
 That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou maist perceive my feare of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,¹
 I nightly lodge her in an upper Towre, ¹ tempted
 The key whereof, my selfe have ever kept:
 And thence she cannot be convay'd away. 40

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have devis'd a meane
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
 For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently.
 Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
 But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
 That my discovery be not aimed at:
 For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence. 50

Duke. Upon mine Honor, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.
 [Exit.]

[Enter *Valentine*.]

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger

That staves to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court. 60

Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him? 70

Duk. No, trust me, She is peevish. sullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Upon advice) hath drawne my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in: 80
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor

(For long ago I have forgot to court,
 Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
 How, and which way I may bestow my selfe 90
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
 Dumb Jewels often in their silent kinde
 More then quicke words, doe move a womans minde.

Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
 Send her another: never give her ore,
 For scorne at first, makes after-love the more.
 If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more love in you. 100

If she doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
 For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
 Take no repulse, what ever she doth say,
 For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
 Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
 Though nere so blacke, say they have Angells faces,
 That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
 Unto a youthfull Gentleman of worth, 110
 And kept severely from resort of men,
 That no man hath accesse by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,
 That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets¹ but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
 And built so shelving, that one cannot climbe it
 Without apparant hazard of his life. ¹ *binders*

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
 To cast up, with a paire of anchoring hookes, 121

Would serve to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Advise me, where I may have such a Ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray sir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Love is like a childe
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seaven a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.

Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone, 130
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Under a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serve the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake,
Ile get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serve the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake upon me. 140

What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?

And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,

Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once. [Reads.]

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge, where (senceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest
them, | 150
Because my selfe doe want my servants fortune.*

*I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord should
be. |*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night I will enfranchise thee.

'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.

Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?

And with thy daring folly burne the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Goe base Intruder, over-weening Slave, 160

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,

And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)

Is priviledge for thy departure hence.

Thanke me for this, more then for all the favors

Which (all too-much) I have bestowed on thee.

But if thou linger in my Territories

Longer then swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royall Court,

By heaven, my wrath shall farre exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thy selfe. 170

Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,

But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit.*]

Val. And why not death, rather then living torment?

To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,

And *Silvia* is my selfe: banish'd from her

Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:

What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene?

What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?

Unlesse it be to thinke that she is by

And feed upon the shadow of perfection. 180

Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
 There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
 Unlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
 There is no day for me to looke upon.
 Shee is my essence, and I leave to be;
 If I be not by her faire influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
 Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
 But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

190

[*Enter Proteus and Launce.*]

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.

Lau. So-hough, Soa hough——

Pro. What seest thou?

Lau. Him we goe to finde,

There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither,

Pro. What then?

200

Val. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbear.

Lau. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My cares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,
 So much of bad already hath possest them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine, 210
 For they are harsh, un-tuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworne me.
What is your newes?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vanished. |

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend. 221

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome
(Which un-reverst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them upon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: 231
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor silver-shedding teares
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: unles the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life: 241
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,

And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
 Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
 Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love:
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
 Hope is a lovers staffe, walke hence with that
 And manage it, against despairing thoughts: 250
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Even in the milke-white bosome of thy Love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate,
 Come, Ile convey thee through the City-gate.
 And ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concerne thy Love-affaires:
 As thou lov'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)
 Regard thy danger, and along with me. 259

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.

[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*]

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I have
 the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knave: but
 that's all one, if he be but one knave: He lives not now
 that knowes me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a
 Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
 'tis I love: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
 will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
 not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,
 for she is her Masters maid, and serves for wages. Shee
 hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is
 much in a bare Christian: [*Pulling out a paper.*] Heere
 is the Cate-log of her | Condition. *Inprimis.* Shee can

fetch and carry: why | a horse can doe no more; nay,
 a horse cannot fetch, but | onely carry, therefore is shee
 better then a Jade. *Item.* | She can milke, looke you,
 a sweet vertue in a maid with | cleane hands. 279

[*Enter Speed.*]

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with
 your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what
 newes then in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that ever thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Jolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can. 290

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy
 Grand-mother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy speed.

Sp. [*Reads*] Inprimis she can milke.

La. I that she can.

Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale. 299

La. And thereof comes the proverbe: (*Blessing of
 your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, she can sowe.

La. That's as much as to say (*Can she so?*)

Sp. Item she can knit.

282. *Mastership*: master's ship—THEOBALD.

297. *Inprimis*: Imprimis—3-4F.

III. i. 311-346] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,
When she can knit him a stocke?

Sp. Item, she can wash and scoure.

La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be
wash'd, and scowr'd.

Sp. Item, she can spin. 310

La. Then may I set the world on wheelles, when she
can spin for her living.

Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.

La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that
indeede know not their fathers; and therefore have no
names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her
breath. 320

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-
fast: read on.

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her soure breath.

Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her
talke.

Sp. Item, she is slow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue: 330
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, she is proud.

La. Out with that too:

It was *Eves* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: because I love crusts.

Sp. Item, she is curst.

La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor. 339

La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Sp. Item, she is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that once more. 351

Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile prove it: The cover of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the haire that covers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haire.

La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults. 360

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies for thee at the *North gate*.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And must I goe to him? 370

La. 'Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turne.

Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love Letters.

La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to rejoyce in the boyes correction. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that she will love you Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Tb. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impresse of Love, is as a figure Trenched¹ in ice, which with an houres heate ¹*carved* Dissolves to water, and doth loose his forme. 10
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot.

[*Enter Proteus.*]

How now sir *Proteus*, is your countyman (According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleeeve: but *Thurio* thinkes not so:

Proteus, the good conceit² I hold of thee, ²*opinion*
(For thou hast showne some signe of good desert) 20
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I prove ioyall to your Grace,
Let me not live, to looke upon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'st how willingiy, I would effect
The match betweene sir *Thurio*, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and perversly, she perseveres so: 30
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is, to slander *Valentine*,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you must undertake to slander him. 40

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him: 50
But say this weede her love from *Valentine*,
It followes not that she will love sir *Thurio*.

Tb. Therefore, as you unwinde her love from him;
Least it should ravell, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottome it on me:

Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, sir *Valentine*.

Du. And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loves firme votary, 60
And cannot soone revolt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have accesse,
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you sir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough: 69
You must lay Lime,¹ to tangle her desires ¹ *bird-lime*
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vowes.

Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poesie.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones; 80
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forsake unfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe:² the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her. ² *slow dance-tune*

73. new i. at much—POPE.

85. Consort: concert—HANMER.

Du. This discipline, shoves thou hast bin in love.

Th. And thy advice, this night, ile put in practise:
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver, 91
Let us into the City presently

To sort¹ some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.

I have a Sonnet, that will serve the turne ¹*pick out*
To give the on-set to thy good advise.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

[*The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.*]

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.

1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.

[*Enter Valentine and Speed.*]

3. *Out.* Stand sir, and throw us that you have about' ye.
If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Sp. Sir we are undone; these are the Villaines
That all the Travailers doe feare so much.

Val. My friends.

1. *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies. 10

2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.

3. *Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to loose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversitie:

My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2. *Out.* Whether travell you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1. *Out.* Whence came you?

20

Val. From *Millaine*.

3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might have staid, |

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight, 30
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. *Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banisht for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

2. *Out.* Have you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull travaile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miserable.

3. *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. *Out.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word.

40

Sp. Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theevery.

Val. Peace villaine.

2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know then, that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.

My selfe was from *Verona* banished,
 For practising to steale away a Lady, 50
 And heire and Neece, alide unto the Duke.

2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
 Who, in my moode, I stab'd unto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
 But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
 That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse lives;
 And partly seeing you are beautifide
 With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
 A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
 As we doe in our quality much want. 60

2. *Out.* Indeede because you are a banish'd man,
 Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
 Are you content to be our Generall?
 To make a vertue of necessity,
 And live as we doe in this wilderness?

3. *Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?¹
 Say I, and be the captaine of us all: ^{1 band}
 We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
 Love thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.

2. *Out.* Thou shalt not live, to brag what we have of-
 fer'd. | 71

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
 Provided that you do no outrages
 On silly women, or poore passengers.

3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.
 Come, goe with us, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
 And show thee all the Treasure we have got;
 Which, with our selves, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

51. *Neece: near—THEOBALD.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's chamber.*]

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Julia, Host, Musitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to *Valentine*,
 And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*,
 Under the colour of commending him,
 I have accesse my owne love to prefer.
 But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend; 10
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me thinke how I have bin forsworne
 In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd;
 And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lovers hope:
 Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my love,
 The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;
 But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
 And give some evening Musique to her eare. 19

[*Enter Thurio and Musicians.*]

Th. How now, sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that love
 Will creepe in service, where it cannot goe.

Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.

Th. Who, *Silvia*?

Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
 Let's tune: and t o o it lustily a while.

[*Enter, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.*]

Ho. Now, my yong gwest; me thinks your' allycholly;
I pray you why is it? 30

Ju. Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we'll have you merry: ile bring you where
you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that
you ask'd for.

Ju. But shall I heare him speake.

Ho. I that you shall.

Ju. That will be Musique. [*Music plays.*]

Ho. Harke, harke.

Ju. Is he among these?

Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm. 40

Song. Who is Silvia? what is she?

That all our Swaines commend her?

Holy, faire, and wise is she,

*The heaven such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.*

Is she kinde as she is faire?

For beauty lives with kindnesse:

Love doth to her eyes repaire,

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being help'd, inhabits there. 50

Then to Silvia, let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortall thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling.

To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

Ju. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

Ju. He plaies false (father.) 60

Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.

Ju. Not so: but yet

So false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Ho. You have a quicke care.

Ju. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me have a slow heart. |

Ho. I perceive you delight not in Musique.

Ju. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.

Ju. I: that change is the spight. 69

Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.

Ju. I would alwaies have one play but one thing.

But Host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often resort unto this Gentlewoman?

Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lov'd her out of all nicke.¹ ^{1 tally}

Ju. Where is *Launce*?

Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his
Lady.

Ju. Peace, stand aside, the company parts. 80

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Tb. Where meete we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.

Tb. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians. Enter Silvia above.*]

Pro. Madam: good ev'n to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice. 90

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compasse yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtile, perjur'd, false, disloyall man:
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiv'd so many with thy vowes? 100
Returne, returne and make thy love amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did love a Lady,
But she is dead.

Ju. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried. 110

Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her grave
Assure thy selfe, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Goe to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine. 120

Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.

IV. ii. 120—iii. 2] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside*] If'twere a substance you would sure
deceive it, |
And make it but a shadow, as I am. 130

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*]

Jul. *Host*, will you goe?

Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*? 140

Ho. Marry, at my house:

Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

Scæna Tertia.

[*The same.*]

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:

Ther's some great matter she'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

[*Enter Silvia above.*]

Sil. Who cal's?

Eg. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladships command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.

Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe: 11
According to your Ladships impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare unto the banish'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry 20
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)
Thy selfe hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No grieffe did ever come so neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love dide,
Upon whose Grave thou vow'dst pure chastitie:
Sir Eglamoure: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboard;
And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
I doe desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor, I repose. 30
Urge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke upon my grieffe (a Ladies grieffe)
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a most unholy match,

21. *abbor'd*: abhors—HANMER.

IV. iii. 31–iv. 10] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
 I doe desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
 To beare me company, and goe with me:
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone. 40

Egl. Madam, I pittie much your grievances,
 Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to goe along with you,
 Wreaking as little what betideth me,
 As much, I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you goe?

Sil. This evening comming.

Eg. Where shall I meete you?

Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
 Where I intend holy Confession. 50

Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:
 Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*The same.*]

Enter Launce, Protheus, Julia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans servant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy: one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I have taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a present to Mistris *Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her

44. *Wreaking: Recking*—POPE.

Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would have (as one should say) one that takes upon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him up (saies the Duke.) I having bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Servant? nay, ile be sworne I have sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I have stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you serv'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam *Silvia*: did not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'st thou ever see me doe such a tricke?

[*Enter Proteus and Julia.*]

Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well, 40
And will imploy thee in some service presently.

Ju. In what you please, ile doe what I can.

IV. iv. 47-78] THE TWO GENTLEMEN

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

[*To Launce*] How now you whor-son pezant,
Where have you bin these two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dogge you
bad me.

Pro. And what saies she to my little Jewell?

La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you
currish thanks is good enough for such a present. 50

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

La. No indeede did she not:

Here have I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me
By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my sight. 60

Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here;

[*Exit Launce.*]

A Slave, that still an end,¹ turnes me to shame:

Sebastian, I have entertained thee, ¹ *endlessly*

Partly that I have neede of such a youth,
That can with some discretion doe my businesse:

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;

But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,

Which (if my Augury deceive me not)

Witnesse good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee. 70

Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,

Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*;

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

56. *Hangmans*: hangman-SINGER.

70. *thee*: thou-2-4F.

Jul. It seemes you lov'd not her, not leave her token:
She is dead belike?

Pro. Not so: I thinke she lives.

Jul. Alas.

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pitty her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pitty her? 80

Jul. Because, me thinkes that she lov'd you as well
As you doe love your Lady *Silvia*:

She dreames on him, that has forgot her love,

You doate on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pitty Love, should be so contrary:

And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: give her that Ring, and therewithall

This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,

I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture:

Your message done, hye home unto my chamber, 90

Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie. [*Exit.*]

Jul. How many women would doe such a message?

Alas poore *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd

A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;

Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me,

Because I love him, I must pitty him.

This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To binde him to remember my good will: 100

And now am I (unhappy Messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;

To carry that, which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my Masters true confirmed Love,

74. *not leave: to leave*—2-4F. 78-9. *Why .. choose: 1 l.*—HANMER.
79-80. *but pitty .. pitty her: 1 l.*—HANMER.

But cannot be true servant to my Master,
 Unlesse I prove false traitor to my selfe.
 Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,
 As (heaven it knowes) I would not have him speed.

[*Enter Silvia attended.*]

Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
 To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Ful. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience 113
 To heare me speake the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Ful. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?

Ful. I, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my Picture there,
 Goe, give your Master this: tell him from me, 120
 One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget
 Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Ful. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;
 Pardon me (Madam) I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
 This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Ful. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:

I will not looke upon your Masters lines: 130
 I know they are stuff with protestations,
 And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
 As easily as I doe teare his paper.

Ful. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times,
 His *Julia* gave it him, at his departure:
 Though his false finger have prophan'd the Ring,
 Mine shall not doe his *Julia* so much wrong.

Jul. She thankes you.

140

Sil. What sai'st thou?

Jul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender¹ her:
 Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'st thou know her? ^{1 consider}

Jul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.
 To thinke upon her woes, I doe protest
 That I have wept a hundred severall times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?

Jul. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing faire? 150

Jul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,
 When she did thinke my Master lov'd her well;
 She, in my judgement, was as faire as you.
 But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,
 And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
 The ayre hath starv'd the roses in her cheekes,
 And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
 That now she is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*, 160
 When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
 Our youth got me to play the womans part,
 And I was trim'd in Madam *Julias* gowne,
 Which served me as fit, by all mens judgements,
 As if the garment had bin made for me:
 Therefore I know she is about my height,
 And at that time I made her weepe a good,² ^{2 in earnest}
 For I did play a lamentable part.

(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning

For *Thesus* perjury, and unjust flight; 170
Which I so lively acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistris moved therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weepe my selfe to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lov'st her. Fare-
well. | [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*]

Jul. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know
her. | 180

A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre,¹ this face of mine ¹ *head-dress*
Were full as lovely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Unlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*; 190
If that be all the difference in his love,
Ile get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in my selfe?
If this fond Love, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rivall: O thou sencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;

179. Farewell: 1 l.-2-4F.

And were there sence in his Idolatry, 201
 My substance should be statue¹ in thy stead. ^{1 image}
 Ile use thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake
 That us'd me so: or else by *Jove*, I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my Master out of love with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

[*Milan. An abbey.*]

Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
 And now it is about the very houre
 That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell should meet me,
 She will not faile; for Lovers breake not houres,
 Unlesse it be to come before their time,
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.

[*Enter Silvia.*]

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*) 10
 Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
 I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Feare not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Julia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat rounder. |

Pro. [*Jul. aside*] But love will not be spurd to what it loathes. |

Thu. What saies she to my face? 10

Pro. She saies it is a faire one.

Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is, Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Thu. [*Jul. aside*] 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes, |

For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.

Jul. [*Aside*] But better indeede, when you hold you peace. | 20

Thu. What sayes she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside*] She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize. |

Thu. What saies she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [*Aside*] True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Thu. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside*] That such an Asse should owe¹ them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease. ^{1 own} 31

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

[Enter Duke.]

Du. How now sir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you saw *Eglamoure* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then

She's fled unto that pezant, *Valentine*; 40

And *Eglamoure* is in her Company:

'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guesd that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides she did intend Confession

At *Patricks* Cell this even, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meete with me 50

Upon the rising of the Mountaine foote

That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:

Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Thu. Why this it is, to be a peevish Girle,

That flies her fortune when it followes her:

He after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamoure*,

Then for the love of reck-lesse *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvas* love

Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her. 59

Ful. And I will follow, more to crosse that love

Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. *Exeunt.*

34. saw *Eglamoure*: saw Sir *Eglamour*-3-4F.

Scena Tertia.

[*The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.*]

Silvia, Out-lawes.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient:
We must bring you to our Captaine.

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us.
But *Moyes* and *Valerius* follow him: 10

Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captains cave.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not use a woman lawlesly.

Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

[*Another part of the forest.*]

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Julia, Duke, Thurio,
Out-lawes.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, un-seene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes

3-4. *be .. Captaine:* 1 l.—POPE.

Tune my distrestes, and record¹ my woes. ¹ sing
 O thou that dost inhabit in my brest, 10
 Leave not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,
 Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was,
 Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:
 Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.
 What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chace;
 They love me well: yet I have much to doe
 To keepe them from uncivill outrages. 20
 Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?

[*Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.*]

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you
 (Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
 To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
 That would have forc'd your honour, and your love,
 Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
 (A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
 And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot give.)

Val. [*Aside*] How like a dreame is this? I see, and
 heare: |

Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. 30

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am.

Pro. Unhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
 But by my comming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your
 presence. |

Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,

I would have beene a break-fast to the Beast,
Rather then have false *Protheus* reskue me:
Oh heaven be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule, 40
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not undergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Love, and still approv'd
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd:
Read over *Julia's* heart, (thy first best Love)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith 50
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Descended into perjury, to love me,
Thou hast no faith left now, unlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none: better have none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words 60
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of Love: force ye.

Sil. Oh heaven.

Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.

Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude uncivill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. *Valentine*.

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man, 70

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
 Could have perswaded me: now I dare not say
 I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me:
 Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
 Is perjured to the bosome? *Protheus*
 I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
 But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
 The private wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst:
 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me: 80
 Forgive me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
 Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
 I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,
 As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
 And once againe, I doe receive thee honest;
 Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
 Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
 By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
 And that my love may appeare plaine and free, 90
 All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy. [Swoons.]

Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy?

Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look up: speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring
 to Madam *Silvia*: which (out of my neglect) was never
 done. |

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?

Jul. Heere 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see. 100

Why this is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I have mistooke:
 This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her selfe did give it me,
And *Julia* her selfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her, that gave ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart. 110

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roote?

Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I have tooke upon me,

Such an immodest rayment; if shame live

In a disguise of love?

It is the lesser blot modesty findes,

Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heaven, were
man |

But Constant, he were perfect; that one error 119

Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'sins;

Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie

More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witnes (heaven) I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

[*Enter Outlaws with Duke ana Thurio.*]

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd, 131

Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio* give backe; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure¹ of my wrath: ^{1 reach}
Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath upon my Love. 140

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loves him not:
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes² for her, as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions. ^{2 efforts}
Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse love: 150
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy un-rival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, the gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you. 159

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, civill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast prevaild, I pardon them and thee:

Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
 Come, let us goe, we will include all jarres,
 With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity. 170

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
 With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
 What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,
 That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:
 Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
 The story of your Loves discovered. 180
 That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
 One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia.

Valentine. } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus. }

Antonio: father to Protheus.

Thurio: a foolish rivall to Valentine.

Eglamoure: Agent for Silvia in her escape.

Host: where Julia lodges.

Out-lawes with Valentine.

Speed: a clownish servant to Valentine.

Launce: the like to Protheus.

Panthion: servant to Antonio.

Julia: beloved of Protheus.

Silvia: beloved of Valentine.

Lucetta: waighting-woman to Julia.

FINIS.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

First printed in Quartos, 1602, 1619

The First Folio, 1623, gives a better and fuller
text, supplying acts and scenes
missing in the Quartos

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR' is a broad comedy of contrivance and characterization.

Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, two worthy matrons of Windsor, are simultaneously besieged by the former companion of Prince Hal (now Henry IV), Sir John Falstaff.

He writes each a love-letter (Act II), which they compare and find similar in tenor. They thereupon plot to make sport of the doughty knight as well as bring him to shame. Mistress Ford makes an appointment with him, which appointment is also heard of by her husband, who does not know it to be a jest.

In Act III the two women plan to have a basket of soiled linen in readiness to hide Falstaff, under the pretense that Ford is at hand. The knight keeps his appointment, and the jest turns earnest when the suspicious husband really arrives. Falstaff is carried out safely in the basket and dumped into the river. Shortly afterward, he receives invitation for a second interview with Mistress Ford.

This he follows up also, in Act IV, and again is surprised by Ford. The basket is sent down as before; and while Ford is going through it, Falstaff escapes disguised as a woman. Ford and Page are then told the secret of the pranks played upon Fal-

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

staff, and a final one is prepared, with their approval, for a night in Windsor Park.

In Act V Falstaff is sent to the park disguised under a buck's head, where he is set upon by pretended fairies and burned with tapers. The two 'merry wives' and their husbands then reveal themselves to their victim, upbraid him for his amorous schemes, and pardon him.

A secondary episode of the play likewise culminates here. Anne Page, daughter of Mr. and Mistress Page, has had four suitors, of whom her father has favored one, her mother another, and herself a third. Anne utilizes this night masquerade, despite counter-schemes, to marry the man of her choice.

SOURCES

The plot is Shakespeare's own, although it contains situations which were current in other stories of the time. Two Italian stories have come to light, in 'Il Tredecì Piacevoli Notti' of Strapola, which resemble 'Merry Wives' only in the baffling of suspicious husbands. A similar incident is recorded in the tale of 'Two Lovers of Pisa,' in Tarlton's 'Newes out of Purgatorie' (1590), which was probably founded on the Italian tales, and which resembles 'Merry Wives' even more nearly in containing three fruitless appointments made by a lover who comes to grief through unwittingly telling the husband of his plan. But even though Shakespeare may have been indebted for his leading chain of episodes to this or other stories, the machinery of his plot, the development of character, and the interweaving of the love-affairs of Anne Page with the main story are certainly his own.

The play is a comedy of contemporary society, written, according to generally accepted tradition, upon

INTRODUCTION

the command of Queen Elizabeth, who 'was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of "Henry IV," that she commanded him [Shakespeare] to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love.' A further account states that the playwright was obliged to complete his play in a fortnight. It shows evidence of having been written in haste, while the title-page of the 1602 edition (see Early Editions) lends weight to the statement that it was a special product for the queen.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

Various Shakespearian editors have devoted many pages to solving the time element in this play, where a confusion of mornings and evenings may be traced to two causes: (1) the haste of its first production, and (2) its compression for stage purposes. The three interviews of Falstaff with Mistress Ford do not read chronologically, and are further confused by the interjection of scenes relating to Anne Page's suitors. It seems evident, without attempt at analysis here, that the action is limited to four days; and by changing three clashing references it can be reduced to three, which was probably the dramatist's intention.

The period of action follows the career of Falstaff after he has parted company with Henry IV, and belongs to the early years of that monarch's reign. Its context and local coloring, however, make it coincident with Elizabeth's time.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The date of 'Merry Wives of Windsor' readily falls between 1598 and 1602. The latter date is fixed by the appearance of the play in an imperfect Quarto edi-

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

tion. The former date is indicated by the facts (1) that Meres does not mention it in his 'Palladis Tamia' of the same year—an omission which would hardly have occurred if the play had been known; and (2) 'Merry Wives' follows the two parts of 'Henry IV,' which were produced about 1597. In the epilogue to the second part of 'Henry IV' the promise was made that Falstaff should appear in 'Henry V' (1599). It is plausible, therefore, that Shakespeare wrote 'Merry Wives' to please the queen in the latter part of 1598, and that, having done so, he lost interest in Falstaff, and contented himself with narrating his death in 'Henry V.'

'Merry Wives' was probably written and produced in 1598. A garbled copy taken from notes was printed in the Quarto of 1602. And the play was evidently revised and improved in 1603, when James I succeeded Elizabeth on the throne; for the later or Folio text refers to the 'king' where the Quarto refers to the 'council,' and the Folio alone has a fine passage in the fairy scene alluding to Windsor and the Order of the Garter, which seems to bear special reference to the sitting of the court at Windsor in 1603, when Shakespeare's friend Southampton, as well as Prince Arthur, was made Knight of the Garter.

Another bit of internal evidence bears on the traditional enemy of Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Lucy. It is said that the poet caricatured him in Justice Shallow. Lucy died in 1600, and the revised text published after his death introduces a close allusion to him in the opening scene. A coat of arms bearing a 'dozen white luces' (or fish) is spoken of as belonging to the justice's family, whereas Lucy's own coat bore three luces.

INTRODUCTION

EARLY EDITIONS

The first printing of 'Merry Wives of Windsor' was made in a Quarto edition of 1602, which bore the following title-page:

'A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wivves of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh, the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin, M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene divers times acted by the right Honorable my lord Chamberlaines servants. Both before her Majestie, and else-where. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. 1602.'

This Quarto was reprinted by the same bookseller in 1619.

The First Folio version of the play (1623) places it third in the book, under the division of comedies. Here it is more than double the length of the previous Quarto versions, and supplies the acts and scenes, but does not append the names of the characters, as is the case with the two preceding plays.

The Quartos are so brief and imperfect as to lead to the belief that they are pirated versions taken from shorthand notes at a performance, or from an actor's manual. The trustworthy text is that of the First Folio, which is fairly correct, the Quartos giving little aid in supplying emendations.

THE MERRY WIVES OF
WINDSOR

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON, *a gentleman.*

SHALLOW, *a country justice.*

SLENDER, *cousin to Shallow.*

FORD, }
PAGE, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*

WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to Page.*

SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh parson.*

DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French physician.*

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } *sharpers attending on Falstaff.*
NYM, }

ROBIN, *page to Falstaff.*

SIMPLE, *servant to Slender.*

RUGBY, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

MISTRESS FORD.

MISTRESS PAGE.

ANNE PAGE, *her daughter.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE: *Windsor, and the neighbourhood.*]

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR



Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*Windsor. Before Page's house.*]

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstoffs, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.

Shallow.

SIR *Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *John Falstoffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Justice of Peace and Coram. | 10

Shal. I (*Cosen Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time these three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white *Luces* in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate. 20

Evans. The dozen white Lowses doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Love.

Shal. The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit. 29

Evan. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaffe* have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attone-ments and compremises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Evan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that. 40

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my praine, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. *Mistris Anne Page?* she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman. 49

Evans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-sire upon his deaths-

30. per-lady: py'r lady—CAPELL.

bed, (Got deliver to a joyfull resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abraham*, and Mistris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-sire leave her seaven hundred pound? 59

Evan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Evan. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let us see honest M^r *Page*: is *Falstaffe* there? |

Evan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir *John* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for M^r.

Page. What hoa? Got-plesse your house heere. 70

M^r.Page. [*Within*] Who's there?

[*Enter Page.*]

Evan. Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Justice *Shallow*, and heere yong Master *Slender*: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M^r.Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thanke you for my Venison Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill killd: how doth good Mistresse *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart. 81

M^r.Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow¹ Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Cotsall*. ¹*fawn-colored*

M. Pa. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge. 90

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *John Falstaffe* heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office be tweene you.

Evan. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (*Master Page*.)

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it. 99

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*M. Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeeve me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith he is wronged.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *John*.

[*Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.*]

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd. 110

Fal. I will answere it strait, I have done all this: That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

113-15. *Councell* .. *councell*: *council* .. *counsel*-3F.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in council: you'll be laugh'd at.

Ev. *Pauca verba*; (Sir *John*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*. 121

Bar. You Banbery Cheese.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cosen*?

Eva. Peace, I pray you: now let us understand: there is three Umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*,) & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Gater. 132

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Evan. Ferry goo't, I wil make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistoll.

Pist. He heares with eares.

Evan. The *Tevill* and his *Tam*: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations. 140

Fal. Pistoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purse?

Slen. I, by these gloves did hee, or I would I might never come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seaven groates in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboords,¹ that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Ycad Miller*: by these gloves. ¹*broad shillings*

Fal. Is this true, *Pistoll*?

Evan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe:¹ word of deniall in thy *labras*² here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest. ¹*brass sword* ²*lips* 152

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

Fal. What say you *Scarlet*, and *John*? 160

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himsele out of his five sentences.

Ev. It is his five sences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap,³ sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and | so conclusions past the Car-eires.⁴

³*drunk* ⁴*race-limits*

Slen. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilst I live againe, but in honest, civill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that have the feare of God, and not with drunken knaves. 170

Evan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuons minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

[*Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, following.*]

Mr. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within. [Exit *Anne Page.*]

150. *Latine*: latten (laten)—1Q. 171. *vertuons*: virtuous—2-4F.

Slen. Oh heaven: This is Mistresse *Anne Page*.

Mr. Page. How now Mistris *Ford*?

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leave good Mistris. [*Kisses her.*] 179

Mr. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all unkindnesse.

[*Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*]

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: [*Enter Simple.*] How now *Simple*, where | have you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you | have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you? |

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas. 189

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you understand me?

Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Evan. Give eare to his motions; (*Mr. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here. 202

Evan. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Ev. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. *An Page*.

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Ev. But can you affection the 'o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore precisely, can you carry your good wil to the maid? | 212

Sb. Cosen *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Ev. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your request (Cosen) in any reason. 221

Shal. Nay conceive me, conceive mee, (sweet Coz): what I doe is to pleasure you (Coz:) can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if there bee no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely. 231

Ev. It is a fery discetion-answere; save the fall is in the'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

Sb. I: I thinke my Cosen meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sb. Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*.

218-19. prose—POPE.

229. content: contempt—THEOBALD.

232. discetion: discretion—24F.

233. 'ord: ort—2ROWE.

[*Re-enter Anne Page.*]

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company. 240

Sb. I will wait on him, (*faire Mistris Anne.*)

Ev. Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be absence at the grace. | [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*]

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Cosen Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] a Justice of peace sometime may be beholding | to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a | Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet | I live like a poore Gentleman borne. | 251

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneyes¹ for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne? ¹*fencing bouts* 262

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I love the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I have seene

Sackerson loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women have so cride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot abide'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things. 272

[*Re-enter Page.*]

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle *M. Slender*, come; we stay for you. |

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Mistris *Anne*: your selfe shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on. 280

Sl. Truely I will not goe first: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be unmannerly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The same.*]

Enter Evans, and Simple.

Ev. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir. 7

Ev. Nay, it is petter yet: give her this letter; for it is

6. *Ringer: Wringer*—THEOBALD.

a'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with Mistris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pip-pins and Cheese to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistoll, Page
[*Robin*].

Fal. Mine *Host* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truely mine *Host*; I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (bully *Hercules*) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke. 10

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cesar, Keiser and Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall tap; said I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine *Host*).

Ho. I have spoke: let him follow: [*To Bard.*] let me see thee froth, | and live: I am at a word: follow. [*Exit.*]

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Serving-man, a fresh *Tapster*: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive. 20

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt thou the spigot wield. | [*Exit Bardolph.*]

16. *live*: lime (lyme-QQ.)—CAPELL.

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor con-ceited? |

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Convey: the wise it call: Steale? foh: a fico¹ for the phrase. ¹ *fig*

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes² ensue. ² *chilblains* 30

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch,³ I must shift. | ³ *cheat*

Pist. Yong Ravens must have foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistoll*: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make love to *Fords* wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee carves: she gives the leere of invitation: I can construe the action of her familier stile, & the hardest voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir John Falstafs*. | 43

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.⁴ ⁴ *gold coins*

Pist. As many divels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels. | 50

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who even now gave mee good eyes too; examin'd my parts with most judicious illiads:¹ sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: sometimes my portly belly.

¹ *glances*

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

57

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me up like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Page*; and thou this to Mistris *Ford*: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become, And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the havior of reputation.

71

Fal. [*To Robin*] Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly,² |

² *briskly*

Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: seeke shelter, packe:

Falstaffe will learne the honor of the age,

French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted *Page*.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*]

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd,³ and Fullam³ holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,

³ *false dice*

53. *illiads*: *œillades*—CAPELL.

62. *Cheaters*: *cheater*—THEOBALD. 75. *itb'*: *o'the*(*oth'*)—2-4F.

76. *bonor*: *humour*—QQ.

Tester¹ ile have in pouch when thou shalt lacke, 80
 Base *Phrygian* Turke. ¹ *sixpence*

Ni. I have operations,
 Which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Ni. By Welkin,² and her Star. ² *heaven*

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:

I will discusse the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold

How *Falstaffe* (varlet vile) 90

His Dove will prove; his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Ford*
 to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yallow-
 nesse,³ for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my
 true humour. ³ *jealousy*

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I second
 thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

[*A room in Doctor Caius's house.*]

*Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor,
 Caius, Fenton.*

Qu. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Case-
 ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Docter
Caius comming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body
 in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods pati-
 ence, and the Kings English.

Ru. Ile goe watch. 9

Qu. Goe, and we'll have a posset for't soone at night,

88, 89, 93. *Ford* .. *Page* .. *Ford*: *Page* .. *Ford* .. *Page*—90.

(in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, | willing, kinde fellow, as ever servant shall come in house | withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breede- | bate:¹ his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; hee is | something peevish that way: but no body but has his | fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your | name is?

¹ *debate-breeder*.

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

20

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glovers pairing-knife?

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold up his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

31

Qu. Well, heaven send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—

[*Re-enter Rugby.*]

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Closset: he will not stay long: [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] what | *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I say? goe *John*, goe en- | quire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee | comes not home: [*Singing*] (*and downe, downe, adowne'a. Sc.* | 40

[*Enter Doctor Caius.*]

Ca. Vat is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Closset, unboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you: [*Aside*]
I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would have bin horne-mad.

Ca. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for ehando, Je man voi a le | Court la grand affaires.*

Qu. Is it this Sir? 50

Ca. *Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly:*
Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Qu. What *John Rugby*, *John*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jacke Rugby*:
Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay je oublie*: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behinde. 61

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*: vat is in my Closset?
Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

[*Pulling Simple out.*]

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

42. *unboyteene: un boitier*—Rowe.

48-9. *mai foy, .. for ehando, Je man voi a le Court la grand affaires: ma foi, .. fort chaud, Je m'en vais à la cour—la grande affaire*—Rowe.

51. *de-peech: dépêche*—CAMBRIDGE.

59-60. *que ay je oublie: Qu'ai-j'-oublie!*—JOHNSON.

64. *Villanie: villain!—3Q. La-roone: larron!*—Rowe.

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset. 69

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson *Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to —

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not. 81

Ca. Sir *Hugh* send-a you? *Rugby*, ballow¹ mee some paper: tarry you a littell-a-while. [*Writes.*] ¹*fetch*

Qui. [*Aside to Simple*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin through- | ly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so me- | lancholly: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your | Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, the | French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, | looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, | bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and | doe all my selfe.) | 91

Simp. [*Aside to Quickly*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one bodies | hand.

Qui. [*Aside to Simple*] Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great | charge: and to be up early, and down late: but notwith- | standing, (to tell you in your eare, I wold have no words | of it) my Master himsele

82. *ballow*: *baille*—CAMBRIDGE.

86. *yoe*: *you*—CAMBRIDGE.

89. *ring*: *wring*—2Rowe.

is in love with Mistris *Anne* | *Page*: but notwithstanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's | neither heere nor there. | 99

Caius. You, Jack 'Nape: give-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Jack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make:—you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dogge.

[*Exit Simple.*]

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall have *Anne Page* for my selfe? by gar, I vill kill de Jack-Priest: and I have appointed mine Host o^r de Jarteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe have *Anne Page*. 111

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall bee well: We must give folkes leave to prate: what the good-jer.¹

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*. ^{1 an oath}

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*]

Qui. You shall have *An*-fooles head of your owne: No, I know *Ans* mind for that: never a woman in *Wind-sor* knowes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heaven. 120

Fenton. [*Within*] Who's with in there, ho?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

[*Enter Fenton.*]

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou?

Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it. 130

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding (*Master Fenton*) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loves you: have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

Fen. Yes marry have I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Nan*; (but (I detest) an honest maid as ever broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall never laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) shee is given too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you——well——goe too—— 143

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's monee for thee: Let mee have thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seest her before me, commend me.——

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now. 150

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship: [*Exit Fenton.*] truely an honest | Gentleman: but *Anne* loves hiim not: for I know *Ans* | minde as well as another do's: out upon't: what have I | forgot. *Exit.*

152. *hiim*: *him*-2-4F.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.[*Before Page's house.*]

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoll, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

[*Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.*]

Mist. Page. What, have scap'd Love-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see? [*Reads*]

Aske me no reason why I love you, for though Love use Reason for his precisian, hee admits him not for his Counsailour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpatheie: you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more simpatheie: you love sacke, and so do I: would you desire better simpatheie? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Love of Souldier can suffice, that I love thee: I will not say pittymee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, love me: 14

*By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falstaffe.*

What a *Herod of Jurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an unwaied 20 Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Devills name) out of my conversation, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice

4. *have scap'd*: have I scaped—2-4F.

8. *precisian*: physician—DYCE.

15-17. new l. at Thine, 5 rhymed ll.—CAPELL.

18-26. prose—POPE.

In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heaven forgive mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

[*Enter Mistress Ford.*]

Mis Ford. *Mistris Page*, trust me, I was going to your house. 30

Mis. Page. And trust me, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Mis. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeee that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mis. Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Mis. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O *Mistris Page*, give mee some counsaile.

Mis. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mi. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour. 41

Mi. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

Mi. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted.

Mi. Page. What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry. 48

Mi. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceive how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare: praise womens modesty: and gave such orderly and wel-

35. beleeee: believe-2-4F.

53. praise: praised-THEOBALD

behaved reprove to al uncomelinesse, that I would have sworne his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greensleeves: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee revenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his owne greace: Did you ever heare the like?

63

Mis. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blancke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put us two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye under Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twentie lascivious Turtles ere one chaste man.

74

Mis. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of us?

Mis. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure unlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would never have boorded me in this furie.

82

Mi. Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile bee sure to keepe him above decke.

Mi. Page. So will I: if hee come under my hatches,

Ile never to Sea againe: Let's bee reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mi. Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would give eternall food to his jealousye. 93

Mis. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from jealousye, as I am from giving him cause, and that (I hope) is an unmeasurable distance.

Mis. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis. Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*] 100

[*Enter Ford with Pistol, and Page with Nym.*]

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires:

Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loves the Gally-mawfry¹ (*Ford*) perpend.² ¹ medley ² consider

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver, burning hot: prevent:

Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with 110
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say: Farewell:
Take heed, have open eye, for theeves doe foot by night.

105-7. 3 five-accent ll.—POPE.

110-11. new ll. at Like and O—CAPELL.

Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away sir Corporall *Nim*:

Beleeve it (*Page*) he speakes sence. [*Exit.*] 117

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. [*To Page*] And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: | hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should have | borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a sword: | and it shall bite upon my necessitie: he loves your wife; | There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall | *Nim*: I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: | and *Falstaffe* loves your wife: adieu, I love not the hu- | mour of bread and cheese: [And theres the humor of it.] adieu. | [*Exit.*]

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaffe*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well. 131

Page. I will not beleeve such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o' th'Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

[*Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.*]

Mist. Page. Whether goe you (*George*?) harke you.

Mis Ford. How now (sweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe. 140

Mis. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,
Now: will you goe, *Mistris Page*?

Mis. Page. Have with you: you'll come to dinner *George*? [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our | Messenger to this paltrie Knight.

Mis. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: shee'll fit it. |

[*Enter Mistress Quickly.*]

Mis. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do's good *Mistresse Anne*?

Mis. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an houres talke with you. 151

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*]

Page. How now Master Ford?

For. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang 'em slaves: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoake of his discarded men: verry rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men? 160

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the beter for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied. 171

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his

purse, when hee lookes so merrily: [*Enter Host.*] How now mine | Host?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caveleiro Justice, I say.

[*Enter Shallow.*]

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good-even, and twenty (good Master *Page.*) Master *Page*, wil you go with us? we have sport in hand. 180

Host. Tell him Caveleiro-Justice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter: a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*]

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeve mee) I heare the Parson is no Jester: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be. 191

[*They converse apart.*]

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-Cavaleire?

Shal. [*Ford*] None, I protest: but Ile give you a pottle of | burn'd sacke, to give me recourse to him, and tell him | my name is *Broome*: onely for a jest.

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt have egresse and regresse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Have with you mine Host. 200

Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut sir: I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (*Master Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I have seene the time, with my long-sword, I would have made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight. 211

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wives frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at *Pages* house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I have a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open. 6

Fal. Not a penny: I have beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I have grated upon my good friends for three Repreeves for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were

good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Mistresse *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fiftene pence? 17

Fal. Reason, you roague, reason: thinkst thou Ile endanger my soule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand upon your honor: why, (thou unconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my hononor precise: I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leaving the feare of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice¹ phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes, under the shelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you? ^{1 public-house} 31

Pist. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

[*Enter Robin.*]

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

[*Enter Mistress Quickly.*]

Qui. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

24. *bononor*: honour-2-4F.

27. *shuffle*: shuffle-2-4F.

25, 54. *beaven*: God-QQ.

Qui. Ile be sworne,

As my mother was the first houre I was borne. 40

Fal. I doe beleeeve the swearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Mistresse *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M. Doctor

Caius:

Fal. Well, on; Mistresse *Ford*, you say.

Qui. Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies. 51

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they so? heaven-blesse them, and make them his Servants.

Fal. Well; Mistresse *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well: heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray———.

Fal. Mistresse *Ford*: come, Mistresse *Ford*. 60

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could never have brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would have wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie

Angels¹ given me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sippe on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her. ^{1 coins}

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good shee-*Mercurie*. 80

Qui. Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter: for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Qui. I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of: Master *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very jealousy-man; she leads a very frampold² life with him, (good hart.) 90

Fal. Ten, and eleven. ^{2 quarrelsome}

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistresse *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a civill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is sel-dome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doate upon a man; surely I thinke you have charmes, la: yes in truth. 102

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife,

and | *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they love me? |

Qui. That were a jest indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But *Mistris Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of al loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little *Page*: and truely *Master Page* is an honest man: never a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then she do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your *Page*, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

118

Qu. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case have a nay-word,¹ that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy never neede to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

¹ *password*

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

[*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers, 129
Clap on more sailes, pursue: up with your fights:²
Give fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

[*Exit.*] ² *ship's canvas*

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Jacke*) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter.

[*Enter Bardolph.*]

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name? 141

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: [*Exit Bar.*] such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, | that ore'flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse *Ford* and Mi- | stresse *Page*, have I encompass'd you? goe to, *via.* |

[*Re-enter Bardolph with Ford disguised.*]

Ford. 'Blesse you sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? give us leave
Drawer. [*Exit Bar.*] 151

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I thinke my selfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open. 161

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will give mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Master *Broome*) I shall be glad to be your Servant. 171

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had never so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *John*) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you heare them unfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender. 181

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating observance: Ingross'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what shee would have given: briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I have received none, unlesse Experience be a Jewell, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

“*Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursues,*

“*Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.* 200

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it. 209

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (*Sir John*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir. 220

Ford. Beleeve it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have, onely give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife: use your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any. 226

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to

commend themselves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattaild against me: what say you too't, Sir *John*? 239

Fal. Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money: next, give mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (*Sir John*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no *Mistresse Ford* (*Master Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous-rascally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed. 252

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the jealous wittolly-knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-favourd: I will use her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffe, & ther's my harvest-home. 260

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanically-salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggra-

vate his stile: thou (Master *Broome*) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

[*Exit.*] 270

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improvident jealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbason*, well: yet they are Divels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Divell himselve hath not such a name. *Page* is an Asse, a secure Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welsh-man* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee ruminates, then shee devises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect: they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heaven bee prais'd for my jealousie: eleven o' clocke the howre, I will prevent this, detect my wife, bee reveng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exti. 296

288-9. *rumiuates*: *ruminates*-2-4F.

291. *Heaven*: *God*-QQ.

296. *Exti*: *Exit*-2-4F.

Scena Tertia.[*A field near Windsor.*]*Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.**Caius. Jacke Rugby.**Rug. Sir.**Caius. Vat is the clocke, Jack.**Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.**Cai. By gar, he has save his soule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (Jack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come. 10**Rug. Hee is wise Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.**Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (Jacke) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.**Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.**Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.**Rug. Forbeare: heer's company.*[*Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.*]*Host. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.**Shal. 'Save you M^r. Doctor Caius. 20**Page. Now good M^r. Doctor.**Slen. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.**Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?**Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my Esculapius? my Galien? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?*

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of de worlde:
he is not show his face. 31

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king-Urinall: *Hector* of
Greece (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me have stay,
sixe or seven, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-
come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M. Docto)rhe is a curer of
soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you
goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true,
Master *Page*? 40

Page. Master *Shallow*; you have your selfe beene a
great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and
of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to
make one: though wee are Justices, and Doctors, and
Church-men (M. *Page*) wee have some salt of our youth
in us, we are the sons of women (M. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, M^r. *Shallow*. 48

Shal. It wil be found so, (M. *Page*;) M. Doctor *Caius*,
I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace:
you have show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir
Hugh hath showne himselfe a wise and patient Church-
man: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mocke-
water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour
(Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-vater as de
Englishman: scurvy-Jack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill
cut his eares. 61

37. *Docto*)*rbe*: doctor: he-2-4F.

54. a *Mounseur*: a word, Mounseur-QQ.

Host. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Host. And moreover, (Bully) but first, M^r. Ghuest, and M. *Page*, & eeke Cavaleiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*. [*Aside to them.*] 71

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*]

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a Jack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*. 78

Host. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Mistris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe her: Cride-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I shall procure'a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Host. Let us wag then. 90

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Jack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

83. *Cride-game*: Cried I aim?—DYCE.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.[*A field near Frogmore.*]

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, | Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master *Slenders* serving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way have you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: olde *Windsor* way, and every way but the Towne-way. 10

Evan. I most feheemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

[*Exit.*]

Evan. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and tremping of minde: I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Urinalls about his knaves costard,¹ when I have good oportunities for the orke: 'Plesse my soule: [*Sings*] *To shallow Rviers to whose | falls: melodious Birds sings Madrigalls: There will we make | our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shal- | low: 'Mercie on mee, I have a great dispositions to cry. | [Sings] Melodious birds sing Madrigalls:—When as I sat in Pa- | bilon: and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c. |* ¹ head 23

[*Re-enter Simple.*]

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Evan. Hee's welcome: [*Sings*] *To shallow Rivers,*

18. *Rviers*: rivers—2-4F.

18-21. verse, 4 ll., and 1 broken—POPE.

22-3. verse, 4 ll.—CAPELL.

to whose fals: | Heaven prosper the right: what weapons is he? |

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Evan. Pray you give mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes. 31

[*Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. [*Aside*] Ah sweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Evan. 'Plesse you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Doe you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day? 41

Evan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parson.

Evan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman; who (be-like) having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne gravity and patience, that ever you saw. 49

Shal. I have lived foure-score yeeres, and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Evan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Physician.

Evan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Evan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knave besides: a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquaiuted withall. 61

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet *Anne Page*.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them asunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

[*Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.*]

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English. 70

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evan. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you use your patience in good time. |

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Jack dog: John Ape.

Evan. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other | mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one | way or other make you amends: [*Aloud*] I will knog your Urinal | about your knaves Cogs-combe | [*for missing | your meetings and appointments*]. 79

Cai. *Diable: Jack Rugby: mine Host de Jarteer:* have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

61. *acquaiuted*: acquainted—2-4F.

78. *Urinal*: urinals—QQ.

79. bracketed words—QQ.

Evan. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee judgement by mine *Host of the Garter*.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French & Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say: heare mine *Host of the Garter*, Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a *Machivell*? 90 Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he gives me the Proverbes, and the No-verbes. [Give me thy hand, terestiall,^a | So.] Give me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of | Art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to | wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnies are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad *Host*: follow Gentlemen, follow. 101

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet *Anne Page*.

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*]

Cai. Ha' do I perceive dat? Have you make-a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let us knog our praines together to be revenge on this same scall-scurvy-cogging-companion the *Host of the Garter*. 108

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceive me too.

Evan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pray you follow. [*Exeunt.*]

89-90. prose-POPE.

94. bracketed words-QQ.

98. *Lad*: *lads*-QQ.

90. *Machivell*: *Machiavel*-2 ROWE.

^a *terestiall*: *terrestrial*-THEOBALD.

Scena Secunda.[*A street.*]

*Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender,
Host, | Evans, Caius.*

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe.

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Courtier. | 10

[*Enter Ford.*]

Ford. Well met mistris *Page*, whether go you.

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name sirrah? |

Rob. Sir *John Falstaffe.* 20

Ford. Sir *John Falstaffe.*

M. Pa. He, he, I can never hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at home indeed? |

Ford. Indeed she is.

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no use of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelve score: hee peeces out his wives inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, & *Falstaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming Mist. *Page*, divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. [*Clock is heard.*] The clocke gives me my Qu, | and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde *Fal- | staffe*: I shall be rather praisd for this, then mock'd, for | it is as possitive, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is | there: I will go.

[*Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.*]

Shal. Page, &c. Well met M^r *Ford*. 44

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe M^r *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I Sir,
We have appointed to dine with Mistris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony 50
Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match betweene *An Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will Father *Page*.

Pag. You have M^r *Slender*, I stand wholly for you,
But my wife (M^r Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so mush. 59

Host. What say you to yong M^r *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, hee speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way. 70

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall have sport, I will shew you a monster: M^r Doctor, you shal go, so shall you M^r *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the freer woing at M^r *Pages*.

[*Exit Shal. and Slen.*]

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him. [*Exit.*]

Ford. [*Aside*] I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with | him, Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gent'les? | 81

All. Have with you, to see this Monster. *Exeuns*

Scena Tertia.[*A room in Ford's house.*]

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans.

Mist. Ford. What *John*, what *Robert*.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket ——

Mis. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

[*Enter Servants with a basket.*]

Mis. Page. Come, come, come.

Mist. Ford. Heere, set it downe. 8

M. Pag. Give your men the charge, we must be briefe,

M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*John & Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I so-dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whitsters in *Dotchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

M. Page. You will do it?

M. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lacke no direction. |

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin*. 20

[*Enter Robin.*]

Mist. Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket,¹ what newes with you? | ¹ *little hawk*

Rob. My M. Sir *John* is come in at your backe doore (*Mist. Ford*, and requests your company.

15. *Dotchet: Datchet*—2Rowe.

M. Page. You litle Jack-a-lent,¹ have you bin true to us

Rob. I. Ile besworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away. ^{1puppet}

Mist. Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me. ³¹

Mi. Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mistris Page*, remember you your *Qu.* [*Exit Robin.*]

Mist. Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me. [*Exit.*]

Mist. Ford. Go-too then: we'l use this unwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jayes.

[*Enter Falstaff.*]

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre. ⁴⁰

Mist. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*.

Fal. *Mistris Ford*, I cannot cog,² I cannot prate (*Mist. Ford*) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady. ^{2cheat}

Mist. Ford. I your Lady Sir *John*? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre,³ the Tyre-valiant,³ or any Tire of Venetian admittance. ^{3fashions in hair-dressing} ⁵²

Mist. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *John*: My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. [By the Lord] Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make | an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, | would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi- | circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy | foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not | hide it. 60

Mist. Ford. Beleeve me, ther's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie of these lipping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deserv'st it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I feare you love M. *Page*.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill. 72

Mis. Ford. Well, heaven knowes how I love you, And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserve it.

Mist. Ford: Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Mistris Ford, Mistris Ford: heere's Mistris *Page* at | the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildely, | and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde the Arras. 82

M. Ford. Pray you do so, [*Falstaff hides himself.*] she's a very tatling woman. |

55. bracketed words—Qq.

55. tyrant: traitor—Qq.

58-9. thy foe, were not Nature: thy foe were not, Nature—2-4F.

73-4. prose—Rowe.

[*Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.*]

Whats the matter? How now?

Mist. Page. O mistris *Ford* what have you done? You'r sham'd, y'are overthrowne, y'are undone for ever.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good mistris *Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, mist. *Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspition.

M. Ford. What cause of suspition? 90

M. Page. What cause of suspition? Out upon you: How am I mistooke in you?

M. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

M. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope. 99

M. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's coming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for ever.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house. 111

M. Page. For shame, never stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Looke, heere is a

basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking:¹ Or it is whiting² time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-Meade*. ¹*bleaching* ²*washing*

M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. [*Coming forward*] Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't: | 121

Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

M. Page. What Sir *John Faistaffe*? Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile never ———

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

M. Page. Helpe to cover your master (Boy:) Call your men (*Mist. Ford.*) You dissembling Knight.

M. Ford. What *John*, *Robert*, *John*; [*Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.*] Go, take up these | cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look | how you drumble³? Carry them to the Landresse in *Dat- | chet mead*: quickly, come. | ³*dawdle* 132

[*Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.*]

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of the Buck: |

Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the season too; it shall appeare. 141

[*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*]

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le unkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: [*Locking the door*] so, now | uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (master *Page*) up Gentlemen,
You shall see sport anon:

150

Follow me Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*]

Evans. This is fery fantasticall humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France:
It is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of his search.

[*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*]

Mist. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mist. Ford. I know not which pleases me better,
That my husband is deceived, or Sir *John*.

Mist. Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

161

Mist. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will have neede of washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

Mist. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspition of *Falstaffs* being heere: for I never saw him so grosse in his jealousie till now.

169

Mist. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet have more trickes with *Falstaffe*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mis. Ford. Shall we send that foolishion Carion, *Mist.*

Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mist. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow eight a clocke to have amends.

[*Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.*]

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compasse. 180

Mis. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Heard you that?

Mis. Ford. You use me well, M. *Ford*? Do you?

Ford. I, I do so.

M. Ford. Heaven make you better then your thoghts

Ford. Amen.

Mi. Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I must beare it.

Ev. If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses: heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement. 190

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M. *Ford*, are you not ashem'd? What spirit, what divell suggests this imagination? I wold not ha your distemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windsor castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman. 199

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come
Mi. Page, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

192. *ashem'd*: *asham'd*-2-4F.

203. *bartly*: *heartily*-4F

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'll mock him: I doe invite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:

Ford. Any thing.

Ev. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie

Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page.*

211

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowsie knave, mine Host.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Eva. A lowsie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

[*A room in Page's house.*]

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist. Page.

Fen: I see I cannot get thy Fathers love,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth. 10
Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.

[*Fent.*] No, heaven so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne*:)
 Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
 Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges: 20
 And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
 That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle M. Fenton,

Yet seeke my Fathers love, still seeke it sir,
 If opportunity and humblest suite
 Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

[*Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.*]

Shal. Breake their talke Mistris *Quickly*,
 My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but ventu-
 ring. |

Shal. Be not dismaid.

30

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:
 I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, *M. Slender* would speak a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

[*Aside*] O what a world of vilde ill-favour'd faults
 Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton*?
 Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:

O boy, thou hadst a father.

40

Slen. I had a father (*M. An*) my uncle can tel you good
 jests of him: pray you Uncle, tel Mist. *Anne* the jest how
 my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Unckle.

Shal. Mistris *Anne*, my Cozen loves you.

Slen. I that I do, as well as I love any woman in Glo-
 cestershire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds joynture. 51

Anne. Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for himselfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: she cals you (*Coz*) Ile leave you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Mistris *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie jest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heaven:) I am not such a sickely creature, I give Heaven praise. 62

Anne. I meane (*M. Slender*) what wold you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

[*Enter Page and Mrs. Page.*]

Page. Now M^r *Slender*; Love him daughter *Anne*. Why how now? What does M^r *Fenter* here? 70
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay M^r *Page*, be not impatient.

Mist. Page. Good M. *Fenton*. come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

70. *Fenter*: *Fenton*—Qq. 2-4F.

Page. No, good *M. Fenton*.

Come *M. Shallow*: Come sonne *Slender*, in;

Knowing my minde, you wrong me (*M. Fenton*.)

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Qui. Speake to Mistris *Page*. 80

Fen. Good Mist. *Page*, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mist. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, *M. Doctor*.

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth, 90

And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good *M.*

Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I finde her, so am I affected:

Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,

Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell *Nan*.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian: 100
Looke on *M. Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night, Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heaven send thee good fortune, [*Exit Fenton.*] a kinde | heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & wa- | ter for such a kinde heart. But

yet, I would my Maister | had Mistris *Anne*, or I would
M. Slender had her: or (in | sooth) I would *M. Fenton*
 had her; I will do what I can | for them all three, for
 so I have promisd, and Ile bee as | good as my word,
 but speciously for *M. Fenton*. Well, I | must of an-
 other errand to Sir *John Falstaffe* from my two | Mis-
 tresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. | *Exeunt* 112

Scena Quinta.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe* I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't.
 [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Have I liv'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of
 butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel,
 if I be serv'd such another tricke, Ile have my braines
 'tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a
 New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the river
 with as little remorse, as they would have drown'de a
 blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may
 know by my size, that I have a kinde of alacrity in sink-
 ing: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down.
 I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and
 shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a
 man; and what a thing should I have beene, when I
 had beene swel'd? I should have beene a Mountaine of
 Mummie.

[*Re-enter Bardolph with sack.*]

Bar. Here's *M. Quickly* Sir to speake with you. 20

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames

water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-bals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

[*Enter Mistress Quickly.*]

Qui. By your leave: I cry you mercy?
Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir? 29

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Spersme in my
brewage. How now? [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.

Fal. *Mist. Ford?* I have had Ford enough: I was thrown
into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her
fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke
their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans
promise. | 38

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern
your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a
birding; she desires you once more to come to her, be-
twene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly,
she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her
thinke what a-man is: Let her consider his frailety, and
then judge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her. 50

Qui. Peace be with you Sir. [Exit.]

Fal. I mervaile I heare not of M^r *Broome*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.

Oh, heere be comes.

[Enter Ford.]

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M. *Broome*, you come to know What hath past betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *John*) is my businesse.

Fal. M. *Broome* I will not lye to you,
I was at her house the houre she appointed me. 60

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-favouredly M. *Broome*.

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continual larum of jelousie, coms me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wives Love. 70

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

For. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would have it, comes in one *Mist. Page*, gives intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her invention, and *Fords* wives distraction, they convey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket? 78

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie

54. *be*: *he*-3-4F.

56-7. prose-Rowe.

70. *wives*: *wife's*-Rowe.

79. *Yes: a*: By the Lord, a-Qq.

Napkins, that (*Master Broome*) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there? 84

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (*Master Broome*) what I have sufferd, to bring this woman to evill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaves, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mistress, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the jealous knave their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knave would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (*Master Broome*) I suffered the pangs of three severall deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subject to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (*Master Broome.*) 112

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have sufferd all this.

My suite then is desperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Broome*: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I have beene into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I have received from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master *Broome*.)

122

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adiew: you shall have her (Master *Broome*) Master *Broome*, you shall cuckold *Ford*.

129

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford*: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master *Ford*:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have *Lynnen*, and *Buck-baskets*: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the *Leacher*: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a *Pepper-Boxe*: But least the *Divell* that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot avoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have hornes, to make one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad.

Exeunt. 143

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.[*A street.*]*Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.**Mist. Pag.* Is he at *M. Fords* already think'st thou?*Qui.* Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. *Mistris Ford* desires you to come so-dainely.*Mist. Pag.* Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day I see: [*Enter Sir Hugh Evans.*] how now *Sir Hugh*, no | Schoole to day? 11*Eva.* No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leave to play.*Qui.* 'Blessing of his heart.*Mist. Pag.* *Sir Hugh*, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.*Ev.* Come hither *William*; hold up your head; come.*Mist. Pag.* Come-on *Sirha*; hold up your head; answer your Master, be not afraid.*Eva.* *William*, how many Numbers is in *Nownes*?*Will.* Two. 21*Qui.* Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's-*Nownes*.*Eva.* Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?*Will.* *Pulcher*.*Qu.* *Powlcats*? there are fairer things then *Powlcats*, sure.*Eva.* You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?*Will.* A Stone. 30*Eva.* And what is a Stone (*William*?)

Will. A Peeble.

Eva. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remeuber in your praine.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominativo hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo big, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitivo hujus*: Well: what is your *Accusative-case*? 41

Will. *Accusativo hinc.*

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance (childe) *Accusativo hing, hang, hog*.

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the *Focative case* (*William*)?

Will. O, *Vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember *William*, *Focative*, is caret.

Qu. And that's a good roote.

50

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mist. Pag. Peace.

Eva. What is your *Genitive case plurall* (*William*)?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. I.

Will. *Genitive horum, harum, horum*.

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; never name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

59

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum*; fie upon you.

33. remeuber: remember—2-4F.

45. latten: Latin (Latine)—3-4F.

57. Ginyes: Jenny's—CAPELL.

Evans. O'man, art thou Lunaties? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mi. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Ev. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot. 70

Ev. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go. ^{1 ready}

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Ev. He is a good sprag¹-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page*.

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*: [*Exit Sir Hugh.*]
Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*A room in Ford's house.*]

Enter Falstoffs, Mist. Ford, Mist. Page, Servants,
Ford, | Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.

Fal. *Mi. Ford*, Your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requitall to a haires bredth, not onely *Mist. Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accustrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir *John*.) 10

Mis. Page. [*Within*] What hoa, gossip *Ford*: what hoa. |

Mis. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *John*.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

63. *Lunaties*: lunatics (lunaticks)—CAPELL.

71-2. *que* .. *Ques*: *quæ* .. *quæs*—POPE.

[*Enter Mistress Page.*]

Mis. Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home besides your selfe?

Mis. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mis. Page. Indeed? .

Mis. Ford. No certainly: [*Aside to her*] Speake louder. |

Mist. Pag. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mist. Ford. Why? 19

Mis. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankinde; so curses all *Eves* daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffettes himselfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tamenesse, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him? 28

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he Mistris *Page*?

Mist. Pag. Hard by, at street end; he wil be here anon. |

Mist. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is heere. 38

Mist. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murther.

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

[*Re-enter Falstaff.*]

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mist. Page. Alas: three of M^r. *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere? 49

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe up into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies use to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Presse, Coffe, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ile go out then. 59

Mist. Ford. [*Page*] If you goe out in your owne semblance, | you die Sir *John*, unlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extrenitie, rather then a mischief.

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne above. 69

Mist. Page. On my word it will serve him: shee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd¹ hat, and her muffler | too: run up Sir *John*. ¹ *tufted*

68-9, 78-9, etc. *Brainford*: *Brentford*-Qq.

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*: *Mistriis Page* and | I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her. 80

Mist. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the divell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist. Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*. 90

Mist. Ford. Ile first direct direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe up, Ile bring linnen for him straight. [*Exit.*]

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,
We cannot misuse enough:

We'll leave a prooffe by that which we will doo,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not acte that often, jest, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh. 99

[*Exit.*]

73. *Mistriis*: *Mistress*-2-4F.

91. *direct direct*: *direct*-2-4F.

95. *misuse enough*: *misuse him enough*-2-4F.

99. *draugh*: *draff*-CAPELL.

[*Re-enter Mrs. Ford with two Servants.*]

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*]

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had lief as beare so much lead.

[*Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.*]

Ford. I, but if it prove true (*Mr. Page*) have you any way then to unfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin,¹ a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the divel be sham'd. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest cloathes you send forth to bleaching. ¹ *gang* 112

Page. Why, this passes *M. Ford*: you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Evans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed *M. Ford*, thi is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither *Mistris Ford*, *Mistris Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (*Mistris*) do I? 121

Mist. Ford. Heaven be my wnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth sirrah. [*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*]

105. *liefe as:* as lief-2-4F

109. *gin:* ging-2-4F

117. *thi:* this-2-4F.

Page. This passes.

Mist. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wives cloathes? Come, away. 130

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my jealousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Mist. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man. 140

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well M^r. *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Evans. M^r *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me. 152

M. Ford. What hoa (*Mistris Page*,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Have I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands

do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe under the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th' Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say. 165

Mist. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him strike the old woman.

[*Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.*]

Mist. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come give me your hand. 169

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile conjure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mist. Page. Are you not asham'd?
I thinke you have kill'd the poore woman.

Mist. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eva. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie a great peard under his muffler. 180

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my jealousie: If I cry out thus upon no traile, never trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*]

Mist. Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.

Mist. Ford. Nay by th' Masse that he did not: he beate him most unpittifully, me thought.

Mist. Page. Ile have the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious service. 190

Mist. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the divell have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt us againe.

Mist. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee have serv'd him. 199

Mist. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore unvertuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the ministers.

Mist. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l have him publicly sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mist. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things coole. *Exeunt* 209

Scena Tertia.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to have three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly?

3. *Germane desires: Germans desire*—CAPELL.

I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you. 9

Host. They shall have my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile sauce them, they have had my houses a week at commaund: I have turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, Ile sawce them, come. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

[*A room in Ford's house.*]

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as e-ver I did looke upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mist. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt: I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold, 10
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand
(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wives
Yet once againe (to make us publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it. 19

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

11. *houses:* house—QQ.

10. *gold:* cold—Rowe.

15. new l. at As in—CAPELL.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Ev. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers: and has bin greevously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there should be terrors in him, that he should not come: Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall have no desires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Devise but how you'l use him when he comes, |

And let us two devise to bring him thether. 30

Mis. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest) Doth all the winter time, at still midnight Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes, And there he blasts the tree, and takes¹ the cattle, And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine In a most hideous and dreadfull manner. ¹*bewitches* You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know The superstitious idle-headed-Eld Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age 40 This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake: But what of this?

Mist. Ford. Marry this is our devise, That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meete with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this shape, when you have brought him thether, What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mist. Pa. That likewise have we thoght upon: & thus: *Nan Page* (my daughter) and my little sonne, 51

32. new l. at Sometime—POPE.

34. rag'd: ragg'd (ragged)—POPE.

And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dresse
 Like Urchins, Ouphes,¹ and Fairies, greene and white,
 With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
 And rattles in their hands; upon a sodaine,
 As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met, ¹*changelings*
 Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
 With some diffused song: Upon their sight
 We two, in great amazednesse will flye:
 Then let them all encircle him about, 60
 And Fairy-like to pinch the uncleane Knight;
 And aske him why that houre of Fairy Revell,
 In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
 In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
 Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound,
 And burne him with their Tapers.

Mist. Page. The truth being knowne,
 We'll all present our selves; dis-horne the spirit,
 And mocke him home to Windsor. 70

Ford. The children must
 Be practis'd well to this, or they'll nev'r doo't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours: and I
 will be like a Jacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight
 with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
 Ile go buy them vizards.

Mist. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queene of all the
 Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silke will I go buy, and in that time
 [Aside] 81

Shall M. *Slender* steale my *Nan* away,
 And marry her at *Eaton*: go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

72. new'r: ne'er—*Rowe*.

76-7. 1 l.—*POPE*.

79. new l. at *Finely*—2*Rowe*.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpose: sure hee'l come.

Mist. Page. Feare not you that: Go get us properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Evans. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*]

Mis. Page. Go *Mist. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his minde: 90
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Scena Quinta.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Evans,
Caius, Quickly.

Host. What wouldst thou have? (*Boore*) what? (thick
skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe, short, quicke,
snap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *John Fal-*
staffe from *M. Slender*. 8

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle,
his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock
and call: hee'l speake like an Anthropophaginian unto
thee: Knocke I say.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Host. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *John*: speake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine Ephesian calcs. 20

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman: Let her descend (Bully) let her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, privacy? Fie.

[*Enter Falstaff.*]

Fal. There was (mine Host) an old-fat-woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you with her? 31

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master *Slender*, sent to her seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman her selfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him. 42

Fal. What are they? let us know.

32. (*Sir*) my master: Sir, Master-STEEVENS.

Host. I: come: quicke.

Fal. [*Sim.*] I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Host. Conceale them, or thou di'st.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Masters fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

50

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: goe; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tydings. [*Exit.*]

Host. Thou are clearly: thou art clearly (Sir *John*) was there a wise woman with thee?

59

Fal. I that there was (mine *Host*) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

[*Enter Bardolph.*]

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Host. Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a slough of myre; and set spurres, and away; like three *Germane*-divels; three *Doctor Faustasses*.

71

Host. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not say they be fled: *Germanes* are honest men.

58. are: art-1Q.

[*Enter Sir Hugh Evans.*]

Evan. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter Sir?

Evan. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Jermans, that has cozend all the *Hosts* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vlouting-stocks: and 'tis not convenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well. [*Exit.*] 82

[*Enter Doctor Caius.*]

Cai. Ver' is mine *Host de Jarteere*?

Host. Here (*Master Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamanie*: by my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu. [*Exit.*]

Host. Huy and cry, (*villaine*) goe: assist me Knight, I am undone: fly, run: huy, and cry (*villaine*) I am undone. [*Exeunt Host and Bard.*] 92

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I have beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come to the eare of the Court, how I have beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene washd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-falne as a dride-peare: I never prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough [to say my prayers]; I would repent: Now? Whence come | you? 103

102. bracketed words—Qq.

[*Enter Mistress Quickly.*]

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Divell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bestowed; I have suffer'd more for their sakes; more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

112

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the knave Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

119

Qu. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber.

Excunt.

Scena Sexta.

[*Another room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Fenton, Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose,

And (as I am a gentleman) ile give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

Host. I will heare you (*Master Fenton*) and I will (at the least) keepe your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you 10
With the deare love I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)
Even to my wish; I have a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both: fat *Falstaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest
Ile show you here at large (*harke good mine Host:*) 20
To night at *Hernes-Oke*, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Faerie-Queene*:
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise
While other Jests are something ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (even strong against that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away, 30
While other sports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Priest* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath
Made promise to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it rests,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended

(The better to devote her to the *Doctor*; 40
 For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)
 That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
 With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
 And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which meanes she to deceive? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good *Host*) to go along with me:
 And heere it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar 50
 To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,
 And in the lawfull name of marrying,
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; Ile to the Vicar,
 Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
 Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

[*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter Falstoffs, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is
 the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:
 Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odde Numbers,
 either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qai. Ile provide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
 to get you a paire of hornes. 8

Fall. Away I say, time weares, hold up your head &
 mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*] [*Enter Ford.*] How
 now M. *Broome*? Master *Broome*, the mat- | ter will be

knowne to night, or never. Bee you in the | Parke about
midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall | see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told
me you had appointed? 15

Fal. I went to her (Master *Broomc*) as you see, like a
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Broome*)
like a poore-old-woman; that same knave (*Ford* hir hus-
band) hath the finest mad divell of jealousie in him (Ma-
ster *Broome*) that ever govern'd Frensie. I will tell you,
he beate me greivously, in the shape of a woman: (for in
the shape of Man (Master *Broome*) I feare not Goliath
with a Weavers beame, because I know also, life is a
Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all
(Master *Broome*;) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant,
and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this
knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I
will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, straunge
things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Exennt.* 30

Scena Secunda.

[*Windsor Park.*]

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch,
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slen-*
der, my [daughter]

Slcn. I forsooth, I have spoke with her, & we have
a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her
in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that
we know one another. 9

16. *Broomc*: misprint 1F. only.
5. bracketed word—2-4F.

30. *Exennt*: *Exeunt*—2-4F.
6. *Slcn.*: *Slen.*—2-4F.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel: Heaven prosper our sport. No man means evill but the devill, and we shal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*A street leading to the Park.*]

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. M Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I have to do, adieu.

Mist. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) [*Exit Caius.*] my husband will not | rejoyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe | at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat- | ter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart- | breake. 12

Mist. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-devill Herne?

Mist. Page. They are all couch'd ina pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd. 21

Mist. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

14. *Herne: Hugh-CAPELL.*

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the
Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*Windsor Park.*]

Euter Evans [disguised] *and Fairies.*

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies: Coue, and remember your
parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and
when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come,
come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

[*Another part of the Park.*]

*Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.*

Fal. [Disguised as Herne] The Windsor-bell hath
stroke twelve: the Mi- | nute drawes-on: Now the hot-
bloodied-Gods assist me: | Remember Jove, thou was't
a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love | set on thy hornes. O
powerfull Love, that in some re- | spect makes a Beast
a Man: in som other, a Man a beast. | You were also
(Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O | omnipotent
Love, how nere the God drew to the com- | plexion
of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a | beast,
(O Jove, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, | in
the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Jove) a fowle- |
fault. When Gods have hot backes, what shall poore
men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the
fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time

2. *Euter*: Enter-2-4F.

3. *Coue*: Come-2-4F.

(Jove) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe? 19

[*Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.*]

M. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-sleeves, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter mee heere.

M Ford. Mistris *Page* is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

[*Noise within.*]

M. Page. Alas, what noise? 34

M. Ford. Heaven forgive our sinnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away. [*They run off.*]

Fal. I thinke the divell wil not have me damn'd, Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire; He would never else crosse me thus. 40

Enter Fairies [*Evans, disguised as before, Pistol as Hobgoblin, Quickly, Anne Page, and others, with tapers*].

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-shine revellers, and shades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,

Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry, 50
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
He winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Ev. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qu. About, about: 60

Search Windsor Castle (Elves) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on every sacred roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The severall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With juyce of Balme; and every precious flowre,
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and sev'rall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, evermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing 70
Like to the *Garters*-Compass, in a ring,
Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:

And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,

70. *Nightly-meadow-Fairies*: nightly, meadow-fairies—CAPELL.

73. *Mote*: More—QQ. 2-4F. 75. *Emrold-tuffes*: emerald tufts—2-4F.

Like Sapphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,
 Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
 Fairies use Flowres for their characterie.
 Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,
 Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke 80
 Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

Evan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selves in
 order set: |

And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
 To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
 But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
 Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Pist. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd even in thy
 birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end: 90
 If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend
 And turne him to no paine: but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Eva. Come: will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
 About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,
 And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

100

*Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:
 Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaste desire,
 Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
 As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.*

76. *Saphire-pearle*: sapphire, pearl—THEOBALD.

86-7. prose—POPE.

101. 2 rhymed ll.—POPE.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.

*Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out.*

[*During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a boy in white; Fenton comes and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*]

[*Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, & Mistress Ford.*]

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we have watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turne?
110

M. Page. I pray you come, hold up the jest no higher. Now (good Sir *John*) how like you *Windsor* wives? See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now? Mr *Broome*, *Falstaffes* a Knave, a Cuckoldly knave, Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*: And Master *Broome*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Mr *Broome*, his horses are arrested for it, Mr *Broome*.
121

M. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill lucke: wee could never meete: I will never take you for my Love againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Asse.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:
128
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not

Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, drove the grossenesse of the foppery into a receiv'd beleefe, in despite of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jacke-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill imploymen .

Evant. Sir *John Falstaffe*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said Fairy *Hugh*.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you. 140

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to prevent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I have a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheese.

Ev. Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is al putter. 149

Fal. Seese, and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir *John*, do you thinke though wee would have thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to hell, that ever the devill could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist. Page. A puft man? 160

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

136. *Evant: Evans* (Evan)-2-4F.

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evan. And given to Fornications, and to Tavernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the start of me, I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, use me as you will. 172

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one M^r *Broome*, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have bin a Pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her M^r *Slender* hath married her daughter. 181

Mist. Page. [*Aside*] Doctors doubt that; If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

[*Enter Slender.*]

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, Have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne? 190

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would have swing'd him, or hee should have swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne*

Page, would I might never stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not have had him. 201

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married. 211

[*Enter Caius.*]

Cai. Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me, here comes M^r *Fenton*.
How now M^r *Fenton*? 220

[*Enter Fenton and Anne Page.*]

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Mistris:

How chance you went not with M^r *Slender*?

205. *greene*: *white*—POPE.

209. *white*: *green*—POPE.

213. *oon Garsoon*, .. *oon pesant*: *un garçon*, .. *un paysan*—CAPELL

M. Page. Why went you not with M^r Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,
 You would have married her most shamefully,
 Where there was no proportion held in love:
 The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
 Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us:
 Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed, 230
 And this deceit looses the name of craft,
 Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
 Since therein she doth evitate and shun
 A thousand irreligious cursed houres
 Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
 In Love, the heavens themselves do guide the state,
 Money buyes Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special stand
 to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd. 240

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee
 joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are
 chac'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will muse no further: M^r *Fenton*,
 Heaven give you many, many merry dayes:
 Good husband, let us every one go home,
 And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,
 Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir *John*:) 250
 To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,
 For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*: *Exeunt*

242. new l. at What-2Rowe.

FINIS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THOUGH classed with the comedies, 'Measure for Measure' is a stern drama of violated justice and retribution, which is saved from being a tragedy only by a gleam of mercy at the close.

In order to introduce reforms into his city, the Duke of Vienna turns over the reins of government to a deputy, Angelo, a man of high reputation, and announces that he is going to travel; but instead he remains secretly in the city to watch affairs. The first offender brought before Angelo is Claudio, who has wronged his fiancée, Juliet. By an ancient law, hitherto unobserved, Claudio's offense is punishable by death; and to this fate the stern Angelo sentences him.

Claudio's sister, Isabella, hears of her brother's peril, and hastens to the deputy to plead for mercy (Act II). She arouses a passion in the cold-hearted Angelo, and in their second interview he offers to barter her brother's pardon for her own virtue.

She repulses the offer, and in Act III goes to Claudio in prison and tells him to prepare for death, since he can be saved only on disgraceful terms. Her brother at first upholds, then reproaches her. Meantime the disguised duke, who has kept pace with events, tells Isabella of another way to save her brother.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Following the duke's instructions (Act IV), Isabella appears to yield to Angelo's desires, but sends him, in her stead, a former deserted sweetheart of the deputy's. The deputy thinks it to be Isabella, yet violates his promise and orders the execution of Claudio, who is saved by a ruse.

In Act V the duke returns; Angelo is charged with seduction and murder; the duke condemns him to death, but pardons him on the intercession of Isabella; the latter finds a suitor in the duke himself, and Claudio is released and commanded to wed Juliet.

SOURCES

Shakespeare's play is derived from two earlier stories, but shows great improvement over both. The first source is from the eighth Decade of Giraldi Cinthio's 'Hecatommithi,' a collection of Italian tales similar to Boccaccio's 'Decameron.' This story's outline is given in its title, and runs as follows:

'Juriste is sent to Inspruch by the Emperor Maximilian, where he arrests a young man, who has violated a virgin, and condemns him to death; his sister endeavors to free him; Juriste gives her to understand that he will marry her and liberate her brother; she yields to him, and the same night Juriste causes her brother's head to be struck off and sent to her. She goes to the Emperor with her wrongs, and he orders Juriste to marry her; he then sentences Juriste to death; the lady obtains his pardon and lives with him in all affection.'

The later source is a play of George Whetstone's (1578), entitled 'Promos and Cassandra,' but never acted. This plot differs from Cinthio's chiefly in pre-

INTRODUCTION

venting the execution of the brother in prison by a ruse similar to that made use of in 'Measure for Measure.' Shakespeare, in turn, improves further on the original plot by saving the virtue of the sister without altering the situation.

In 1582 Whetstone published a book of tales similar to that of Cinthio's, and entitled the 'Heptameron of Civil Discourses.' The above tale reappears here, and may have been the version known to Shakespeare, who, however, is indebted only for general outlines; for he re-creates his characters, giving them nobler lines and living force. The play as a whole rises to a dignity and symmetry lacking in the earlier stories.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The action is comprised in four days, as follows: The first day, Act I, scene i, is introductory, and followed by an interval. The second day extends from Act I, scene ii, to Act IV, scene ii. The third day comprises the next two scenes. The fourth day extends from Act IV, scene v, to the end of the play.

The period, according to Whetstone's story, was the time of Corvinus, King of Hungary, who died in 1490. Shakespeare, while changing the name of the city from Julio to Vienna, retained traits and costumes peculiar to the earlier plot. His play, therefore, lies near the close of the fifteenth century.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

'Measure for Measure' was produced between the years 1598 and 1605, according to meager and unsubstantial external evidence. The former date is suggested by the fact that Meres does not mention it in

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

his list of that year; the latter, by an entry of the 'Court Revels,' from October, 1604, to October, 1605, which reads: 'By his Ma^{tis} Plaiers. On St Stivens night in the Hall, a Play caled Mesur for Mesur.' This entry, however, is now called a forgery, so we are thrown back upon internal evidence to determine our dates.

A likeness between the duke and King James has been repeatedly pointed out, and would seem to place the play at the time of that monarch's accession, 1603. This year is further supported by the play's strong similarity in tone and treatment to 'Hamlet,' and by metrical tests which place it among the maturer works. Critics are generally agreed in fixing the date at 1603 or 1604.

EARLY EDITIONS

The First Folio edition of 1623 contains the earliest known text of this play. It occupies pages 61 to 84, and is fourth among the comedies. It is divided into acts and scenes, and is followed by 'The names of all the Actors,' which list omits Varrius and the Justice. The text is generally clear, though several obscure passages have given much trouble to commentators, who have no earlier version to fall back upon.

MEASURE, FOR MEASURE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*

ANGELO, *Deputy.*

ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*

CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*

LUCIO, *a fantastic.*

Two other Gentlemen.

Provost.

THOMAS, } *two friars.*
PETER, }

A Justice.

VARRIUS.

ELBOW, *a simple constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*

POMPEY, *servant to Mistress Overdone.*

ABHORSON, *an executioner.*

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*

MARIANNA, *betrothed to Angelo.*

JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*

FRANCISCA, *a nun.*

MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Vienna.*]

MEASURE, FOR MEASURE



Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*An apartment in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords [and Attendants].

Duke.

ESCALUS.
Esc. My Lord.

Duk. Of Government, the properties to unfold,
Would seeme in me t'affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put ¹ to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists ² of all advice ^{1 so placed}
My strength can give you: Then no more remains 10
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Institutions*, and the Termes ^{2 bounds}
For Common Justice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,

11. *But, etc.:* But that to your sufficiency

.. .. as your worth is able—CAMBRIDGE

13. *Cities:* city's—ROWE.

From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo*:

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

What figure of us thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we have with speciall soule 20
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will, 30
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe upon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heaven doth with us, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of us, 'twere all alike 40
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and use;¹ but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise; ¹ interest
Hold therefore *Angelo*:

In our remove, be thou at full, our selfe:
 Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
 Live in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Escalus*
 Though first in question, is thy secondary.
 Take thy Commission.

50

Ang. Now good my Lord
 Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
 Before so noble, and so great a figure
 Be stamp't upon it.

Duk. No more evasion:
 We have with a leaven'd, and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
 Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
 That it prefers it selfe, and leaves unquestion'd
 Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
 As time, and our concernings shall importune,
 How it goes with us, and doe looke to know
 What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
 To th'hopefull execution doe I leave you,
 Of your Commissions.

60

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)
 That we may bring you something on the way.

70

Duk. My haste may not admit it,
 Nor neede you (on mine honor) have to doe
 With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
 So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
 As to your soule seemes good: Give me your hand,
 Ile privily away: I love the people,
 But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:
 Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
 Their lowd applause, and Aves vehement:
 Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
 That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

80

55. *mettle*: metal—Rowe.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happiness. *Exit.*

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I have, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed. 90

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let us with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Esc. Ile wait upon your honor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*A street.*]

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the *Duke*, with the other *Dukes*, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the *Dukes* fall upon the King.

1. *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2. *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table. 11

2. *Gent.* Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. *Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of us all, that

in the thanks-giving before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.

2. *Gent.* I never heard any Souldier dislike it. 19

Luc. I beleeeve thee: for I thinke thou never was't where Grace was said.

2. *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1. *Gent.* What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language.

1. *Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controversie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

1. *Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene us. 30

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and the Velvet. Thou art the List.

1. *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyst of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Velvet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I live forget to drinke after thee. 40

1. *Gen.* I think I have done my selfe wrong, have I not?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawde [Mistress Overdone].

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. |

I have purchas'd as many diseases under her Roofe,
As come to

17. *rallish*: *relish* (relish-3-4F.)—Rowe.

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Luc. Judge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. *Gent.* I, and more.

50

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all. 60

2. *Gent.* Who's that I pray' thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1. *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Fulietta* with childe. 70

Luc. Beleeve me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was ever precise in promise keeping.

2. *Gent.* Besides you know, it drawes something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation. |

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exit.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with poverty, I am

Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. *Enter Clowne [Pompey].* 81

Clo. [Pom.] Yonder man is carried to prison.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar River.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Baw. What proclamation, man? 90

Clo. All howses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down to, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clo. To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me? 100

Clo. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pittty taken on you; you that have worne your eyes almost out in the service, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas* Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison: and there's Madam *Juliet*. *Exeunt.* 110

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio,
& 2. Gent. |*

Cla. Fellow, why dos't thou show me thus to th' world?
Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evill disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by speciall charge.

Cla. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make us pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis just. 120

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint. |

Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty
As surfet is the father of much fast,
So every Scope by the immoderate use
Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue
Like Rats that ravyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty evill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedome, as
the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence,
Claudio? 132

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

140

Luc. A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* so look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of *Julietas* bed,

You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,

Save that we doe the denunciation lacke

Of outward Order. This we came not to,

Onely for propogation of a Dowre

Remaining in the Coffe of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love 150

Till Time had made them for us. But it chanches

The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment

With Character too grosse, is writ on *Juliet*.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappely, even so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,

Or whether that the body publique, be

A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,

Who newly in the Seate, that it may know 160

He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:

Whether the Tirranny be in his place,

Or in his Eminence that fills it up

I stagger in: But this new Governor

Awakes me all the inrolled penalties

Which have (like un-scowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall

So long, that nineteene Zodiacks have gone round,

And none of them beene worne; and for a name

Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act

Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name. 170

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on

thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Gla. I have done so, but hee's not to be found.

I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde service:

This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receive her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputie: bid her selfe assay him, 180

I have great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,

Such as move men: beside, she hath prosperous Art

When she will play with reason, and discourse,

And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray shee may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under greivous imposition: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticktack: Ile to her. 190

Gla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Gla. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[Scene iii. *A monastery.*]

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeve not that the dribling¹ dart of Love ^{1 feeble}
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you 10
 How I have ever lov'd the life removed
 And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
 Where youth, and cost, witlesse bravery keepes.
 I have deliverd to Lord *Angelo*
 (A man of stricture¹ and firme abstinence) ¹ *strictness*
 My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
 And he supposes me travailld to *Poland*,
 (For so I have strewd it in the common eare)
 And so it is receiv'd: Now (pious Sir)
 You will demand of me, why I do this. 20

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
 (The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)
 Which for this foureteene yeares, we have let slip,
 Even like an ore-growne Lyon in a Cave
 That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
 Having bound up the threatning twigs of birch,
 Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,
 For terror, not to use: in time the rod
 More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees, 30
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
 And libertie, plucks Justice by the nose;
 The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
 To unloose this tyde-up Justice, when you pleas'd:
 And it in you more dreadfull would have seem'd
 Then in Lord *Angelo*.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
 Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope, 40
 'Twould be my tirrany to strike and gall them,
 For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
 When evill deedes have their permissive passe,

And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
 I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
 Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,
 And yet, my nature never in the fight
 To do in slander: And to behold his sway
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
 Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee 50
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person beare
 Like a true *Frier*: Moe reasons for this action
 At our more leysure, shall I render you;
 Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
 Stands at a guard with Envie: scarce confesses
 That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
 Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see
 If power change purpose: what our Seemers be. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

[Scene iv. *A nunnery.*]

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And have you *Nuns* no farther priviledges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isa. Yes truely; I speake not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the Sistersthood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.

Isa: Who's that which cal's?

10

Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabella*
 Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;

7. *Sistersthood*: **sisterhood**-2-4F.

You may; I may not: you are yet unsworne:
 When you have vowd, you must not speake with men,
 But in the presence of the *Prioress*;
 Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
 Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
 He cals againe: I pray you answer him. [*Exit.*]
Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that cals? 19

[*Enter Lucio.*]

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeke-Roses
 Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed¹ me,
 As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*, ^{1 serve}
 A Novice of this place, and the faire Sister
 To her unhappie brother *Claudio*?

Isa. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me aske,
 The rather for I now must make you know
 I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
 Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me; for what? 30

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Judge,
 He should receive his punishment, in thanks:
 He hath got his friend with childe.

Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
 With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to jest
 Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
 I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
 By your renouncement, an imortall spirit
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity, 40
 As with a Saint.

Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

21. *steed*: *stead*—*Rowe*.

35. *'Tis*: *It is*; new l. at *I would*—*Steevens*.

Luc. Doe not beleeeve it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his lover have embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
To teemiug foyson: even so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilt, and husbandry.

Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Juliet*?

Luc. Is she your cosen? 50

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Isa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerves of State,
His giving-out, were of an infinite distance 60
From his true meant designe: upon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Governes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who never feeles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;
But doth rebate,¹ and blunt his naturall edge ^{1 dull}
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast
He (to give feare to use, and libertie,
Which have, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act, 70
Under whose heavy sence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute

43. *fewnes*: *fewness* (*fewnesse*-2-3F.)-4F.

47. *teemiug*: *teeming*-2-4F.

60. *giving-out*: *givings-out*-Rowe.

To make him an example: all hope is gone,
 Unlesse you have the grace, by your faire praier
 To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse
 'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa. Doth he so,
 Seeke his life?

Luc. Has censur'd him already, 80
 And as I heare, the Provost hath a warrant
 For's execution.

Isa. Alas: what poore
 Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Assay the powre you have.

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
 And makes us loose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
 And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue 90
 Men give like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
 All their petitions, are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isa. Ile see what I can doe.

Luc. But speedily.

Isa. I will about it strait;
 No longer staying, but to give the Mother
 Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
 Commend me to my brother: soone at night
 Ile send him certaine word of my successe. 100

Luc. I take my leave of you.

Isa. Good sir, adieu. *Exeunt*

78-85. 5 five-accent ll. ending him, hath, execution, me, have-
 CAPELL.

82. *For's*: for his-CAPELL.

88. *makes*: make-2ROWE.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.[*A hall in Angelo's house.*]

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and servants, Justice.
 [*Provost, Officers, and other Attendants behind.*]

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
 Setting it up to feare the Birds of prey,
 And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
 Their pearch, and not their terror.

Esc. I, but yet
 Let us be keene, and rather cut a little
 Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman
 Whom I would save, had a most noble father, 10
 Let but your honour know
 (Whom I beleeeve to be most strait in vertue)
 That in the working of your owne affections,
 Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
 Or that the resolute acting of our blood
 Could have attaind th'effect of your owne purpose,
 Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
 And puld the Law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*) 20
 Another thing to fall: I not deny
 The Jury passing on the Prisoners life
 May in the sworne-twelve have a thiefe, or two
 Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Justice,
 That Justice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
 That theeves do passe on theeves? 'Tis very pregnant,¹
 The Jewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,
 Because we see it; but what we doe not see, ¹ *obvious*
 We tread upon, and never thinke of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence, 30

For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine owne Judgement patterne out my death,
 And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Provost.

Esc. Be it as your wisdoms will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to morrow morning, 40
 Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*]

Esc. Well: heaven forgive him; and forgive us all:

Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:

Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne [Pompey], Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away. 51

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane upon Justice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors? 59

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,

and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Esc. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Goe to; What quality¹ are they of? *Elbow* is your name? 1 rank

Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow*?

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at *Elbow*.

Ang. What are you Sir? 69

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that serves a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now shee professes a hot-house;² which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that? 2 brothel

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heaven, and your honour.

Esc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heaven is an honest woman.

Esc. Do'st thou detest her therefore? 80

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pittie of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman Cardinally given, might have bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Esc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I sir, by Mistris *Over-dons* meanes: but as she spit in his face, so she defide him. 90

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man, prove it.

Esc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing

(saving your honors reverence) for stewd prewyns; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three pence; your honours have seene such dishes) they are not China-dishes, but very good dishes. 100

Esc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dish sir.

Clo. No indeede sir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Mistris *Elbow*, being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I said) for prewyns: and having but two in the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the rest (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them very honestly: for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede. 110

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the stones of the foresaid prewyns.

Fro. I, so I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unlesse they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then. 119

Esc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cause to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No sir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leave: And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here sir, a man of foure-score pound a yeare; whose father died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Master *Froth*?

Fro. Allhallond-Eve. 130

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir, sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Fro. I have so, because it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*

When nights are longest there: Ile take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause; 140
Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all. *Exit.*

Esc. I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lordship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, aske me.

Esc. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you sir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Master *Froth* looke upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor marke his face? 152

Esc. I sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be supposd upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour. 162

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lvest; thou lvest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was ever respected with man, woman, or childe. 171

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here; *Justice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile have mine action of battry on thee. 181

Esc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'care, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend? 193

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and 't please you sir.

Esc. So: what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Over-don*. 200

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters: they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in. 209

Esc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hether to me: M^r. Tapster: what's your name | M^r. Tapster?

Clo. *Pompey*.

Esc. What else?

Clo. *Bum*, Sir.

Esc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you. 220

Clo. Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Esc. How would you live *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, sir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

Esc. No, *Pompey*. 230

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to feare the bawds.

Esc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay:¹ if you live to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so. ¹ *attic* 241

Esc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I advise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well. 248

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Jade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Esc. Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long have you bin in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeere, and a halfe sir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seaven yeares together.

234. *is: are*—2-4F.

257. *by the: by your*—POPE.

Elb. And a halfe sir. 260

Esc. Alas; it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring mee in the names of some sixe or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worships house sir?

Esc. To my house: fare you well: [*Exit Elbow.*] what's a clocke, | thinke you? 271

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*

But there's no remedie:

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Esc. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: 280

But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.

Come Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[*Another room in the same.*]

Enter Provost, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; [*Exit Servant.*] Ile know His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame,

All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

10

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why do'st thou aske againe?

Pro. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seene
When after execution, Judgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or give up your Place, 20
And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I crave your Honours pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires accesse to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid, 30
And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,
If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted, [*Exit Servant.*]
See you the Fornicatresse be remov'd,
Let her have needfull, but not lavish meanes,
There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while: [*To Is.*] y'are welcome:
what's your will? |

Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour, 40
'Please but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your suite.

Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of Justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault, 50
And not my brother.

Pro. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every fault's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor:

Isab. Oh just, but severe Law:
I had a brother then; heaven keepe your honour.

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] Give't not ore so: to him againe,
entreat him, | 60
Kneelee downe before him, hang upon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

38. 'Save: God save—CAMBRIDGE.

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Isab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Isab. But can you if you would? 70

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Isab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeeve this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword, 80
The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe
Become them with one halfe so good a grace
As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him, but he like you
Would not have beene so sterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potencie,
And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,
And what a prisoner. 90

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas:
Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,

79. *longs*: 'longs—THEOBALD.

83. *As mercie does*: separate l., new l. at If—CAPELL.

If he, which is the top of Judgement, should
 But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
 And mercie then will breathe within your lips 100
 Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
 It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,
 It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's sodaine,
 Spare him, spare him:
 Hee's not prepar'd for death; even for our kitchins
 We kill the fowle of season: shall we serve heaven
 With lesse respect then we doe minister 110
 To our grosse-selves? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
 Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
 There's many have committed it.

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath slept
 Those many had not dar'd to doe that evill
 If the first, that did th' Edict infringe
 Had answer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,
 Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
 Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future evils 120
 Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiv'd,
 And so in progresse to be hatc'hd, and borne,
 Are now to have no successive degrees,
 But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pittie.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Justice;
 For then I pittie those I doe not know,
 Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule
 And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong

106-7. 1 l.—POPE.

121. now: new—DYCE.

124. bere: ere—HANMER.

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied; 130
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himselfe do's, *Jove* would never be quiet,
For every pelting¹ petty Officer ¹paltry
Would use his heaven for thunder; 140
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
Splits the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselves laugh mortall. 150

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] Oh, to him, to him wench: he
will relent, |
Hee's comming: I perceive't.

Pro. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may jest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie. 159

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] Art avis'd o'that? more on't.

138. *never*: ne'er (nere-2-3F.)-4F:

143. *Splits*: Split'st-2-4F.

149. *makes*: make-STEEVENS.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. [*Aside*] Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence 170
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Is. I, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers, 180
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserved soules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heaven keepe your honour safe.

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse. 190

Isab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone. .

Isab. 'Save your Honour.

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
 The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
 Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
 That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
 Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre, 200
 Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
 That Modesty may more betray our Sence
 Then womans lightnesse? having waste ground enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
 And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
 What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
 Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
 That make her good? oh, let her brother live:
 Theeves for their robbery have authority,
 When Judges steale themselves: what, doe I love her, 210
 That I desire to heare her speake againe?
 And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
 Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
 With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sinne, in loving vertue: never could the Strumpet
 With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
 Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
 Subdues me quite: Ever till now 219
 When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

197. *ba?*: separate l.—CAMBRIDGE.

• *Scena Tertia.*

[*A room in a prison.*]

Enter [severally] Duke [disguised as a friar] and Provost. |

Duke. Haile to you, *Provost*, so I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the Provost: whats your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. 10

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Juliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duk. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow. 20

I have provided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Jul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

Du. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. Ile gladly learne.

Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Ful. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him. 30

Duk. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.

Ful. Mutually.

Duk. Then was your sin of heavier kinde then his.

Ful. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in feare. 40

Ful. I doe repent me, as it is an evill,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest:

Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:

Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.*

Exit.

Ful. Must die to morrow? oh injurious Love
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pittie of him.

Exeunt. 50

Scena Quarta.

[*A room in Angelo's house.*]

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To severall subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,

40. *feare.*: fear,—CAPELL.

And in my heart the strong and swelling evill
 Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
 Is like a good thing, being often read 10
 Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Gravitie
 Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
 Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
 Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
 Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser soules
 To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
 Let's write good Angell on the Devills horne
 'Tis not the Devills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant. 20

Ser. One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires accesse to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heavens
 Why doe's my bloud thus muster to my heart,
 Making both it unable for it selfe,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitnessse? ^{1 common people}
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
 Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
 By which hee should revive: and even so
 The generall¹ subject to a wel-wisht King 30
 Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
 Crowd to his presence, where their un-taught love
 Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

An. That you might know it, wold much better please
 me, |
 Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot live.

27. *swounds: swoons*—2Rowe.

Isab. Even so: heaven keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die. 40

Isab. Under your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieve
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heavens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie, 50
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleannesse
As she that he hath staind?

Isab. Sir, beleeeve this. 60
I had rather give my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compel'd sins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Answer to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in sinne,
'To save this Brothers life? 70

52. *mettle*: metal—THEOBALD.

Isab. Please you to doo't,
 Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
 It is no sinne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule
 Were equall poize of sinne, and charitie.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
 Heaven let me beare it: you granting of my suit,
 If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer. 80

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
 Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
 Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdomes wishes to appeare most bright,
 When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques
 Proclaime an en-shield¹ beauty ten times louder
 Then beauty could displaid: But marke me, ¹ covered
 To be received plaine, Ile speake more grosse: 90
 Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
 Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.² ² penalty

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
 (As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,
 Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person, 99
 Whose creadit with the Judge, or owne great place,
 Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
 Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
 No earthly meane to save him, but that either

83. *crafty*: *craftily*—Rowe.

84. *Let be*: *Let me be*—2-4F.

You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
 To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
 What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;
 That is: were I under the tearmes of death,
 Th'impression of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,
 And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed, 110
 That longing have bin sicke for, ere I'd yeeld
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
 Better it were a brother dide at once,
 Then that a sister, by redeeming him
 Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
 That you have slander'd so?

Isa. Ignomie in ransome, and free pardon 120
 Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
 Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment, then a vice.

Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
 To have, what we would have,
 We speake not what we meane;
 I something do excuse the thing I hate,
 For his advantage that I dearely love. 130

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die,
 If not a fedarie but onely he
 Owe,¹ and succeed thy weaknesse. 1 own

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselves,

Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
 Women? Helpe heaven; men their creation marre
 In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times fraile,
 For we are soft, as our complexions are, 147
 And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well:

And from this testimonie of your owne sex
 (Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
 Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
 I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
 That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
 If you be one (as you are well exprest
 By all externall warrants) shew it now,
 By putting on the destin'd Liverie. 150

Isa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
 Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceive I love you.

Isa. My brother did love *Juliet*,
 And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you give me love.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
 Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
 To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeve me on mine Honor, 160
 My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleev'd,
 And most pernitious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
 I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
 Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
 Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
 What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeve thee *Isabell*?
 My unsold name, th'austeerennesse of my life,

155. *for't: for it*—POPE.

My vouch against you, and my place i'th State, 170
 Will so your accusation over-weigh,
 That you shall stifle in your owne reporr,
 And smell of calumnie. I have begun,
 And now I give my sensuall race, the reine,
 Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
 Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
 That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
 By yeelding up thy bodie to my will,
 Or else he must not onelie die the death,
 But thy unkindnesse shall his death draw out 180
 To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
 Or by the affection that now guides me most,
 Ile prove a Tirant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
 Who would beleeeve me? O perilous mouthes
 That beare in them, one and the selfe same tongue,
 Either of condemnation, or approofo,¹ ^{1 approval}
 Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite, 190
 To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
 Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
 That had he twentie heads to tender downe
 On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yeeld them up,
 Before his sister should her bodie stoope
 To such abhord pollution.
 Then *Isabell* live chaste, and brother die;
 "More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
 Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request, 200
 And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

172. *reporr*: report-2-4F.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.[*A room in the prison.*]*Enter Duke [disguised as before], Claudio, and Provost.**Du.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?*Cla.* The miserable have no other medicine
But onely hope: I 'have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing 9
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft provoakst, yet grosselie fearst 20
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;

5. *But onely hope*: separate l., new l. at I-CAPELL. *I 'have*: I've
-CAPELL.

22. *exists*: exist'st-THEOBALD.

Thou bearest thy heaue riches but a journie,
 And death unloads thee; Friend hast thou none. 30
 For thine owne bowels which do call thee, sire
 The meere effusion of thy proper loines
 Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
 But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
 Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
 Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
 To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this 40
 That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare
 That makes these oddes, all even.

Cla. I humblie thanke you.
 To sue to live, I finde I seeke to die,
 And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wish deserves a welcome. 51

Duke. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Isa. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be
conceal'd. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*] 60

Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isa. Why,

As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heaven
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger;¹ ^{1 resident}
Therefore your best appointment² make with speed,
To Morrow you set on. ^{2 preparation}

Clau. Is there no remedie?

Isa. None, but such remedie, as to save a head 70
To cleave a heart in twaine:

Clau. But is there anie?

Isa. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a divellish mercie in the Judge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance?

Isa. I just, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vastiditie you had
To a determin'd scope. 80

Clau. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,
And leave you naked.

Clau. Let me know the point.

Isa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Least thou a feavorous life shouldst entertaine,
And six or seven winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sence of death is most in apprehension, 90

And the poore Beetle that we treade upon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why give you me this shame?
Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From flowrie tendernesse? If I must die,
I will encounter darknesse as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.

Isa. There spake my brother: there my fathers grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die: 100
Thou art too noble, to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputie,
Whose setled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a divell:
His filth within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.

Cla. The prenzie,¹ *Angelo*? ¹ *prim*

Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liverie of hell,
The damnest bodie to invest, and cover 110
In prenzie gardes;² dost thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginie ² *trappings*
Thou might'st be freed?

Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would giv't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.

Clau. Thou shalt not do't.

Isa. O, were it but my life, 120
I'de throw it downe for your deliverance
As frankely as a pin.

Clau. Thankes deere *Isabell*.

Isa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isa. Which is the least?

Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise, 130
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh *Isabell*.

Isa. What saies my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.

Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide 140
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blowne with restlesse violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse then worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, perjury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death. 150

Isa. Alas, alas.

Cla. Sweet Sister, let me live.
What sinne you do, to save a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,
That it becomes a vertue.

Isa. Oh you beast,
Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,

148. *perjury*: *penury*-2-4F.

Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
 Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life 159
 From thine owne sisters shame? What should I thinke,
 Heaven shield my Mother plaide my Father faire:
 For such a warped slip of wildnesse¹ ^{1 wildness}
 Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
 Die, perish: Might but my bending downe
 Repreeve thee from thy fate, it should proceede.
 Ile pray a thousand praiera for thy death,
 No word to save thee.

Cla. Nay heare me *Isabell*.

Isa. Oh fie, fie, fie:

Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade; 170
 Mercy to thee would prove it selfe a Bawd,
 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella*.

[*Re-enter Duke.*]

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would
 by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I
 would require, is likewise your owne benefit. 178

Isa. I have no superfluous leysure, my stay must be
 stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

[*Walks apart.*]

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between
 you & your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to cor-
 rupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to
 practise his judgement with the disposition of natures.
 She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him
 that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receive: I
 am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, ther-

fore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready. 190

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell: [*Exit Claudio.*]

Provost, a word | with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone: leave me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.* 199

[*Isabella comes forward.*]

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it ever faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convaide to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to save your Brother? 208

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be unlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*: if ever he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore fasten your eare on my advisings, to the love I have in doing good; a remedie

218. *advisings*, to .. good; *a*: advisings: to .. good a—POPE.

presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleeve that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from theangry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever returne to have hearing of this businesse. 224

Isab. Let me heare you speake farther; I have spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes never fearefull: Have you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea? 230

Isa. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee should this *Angelo* have married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, having in that perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heavily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her, ever most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate¹-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*. ¹*affianced* 243

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not. 250

234. *her oath: her by oath*—2-4F.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can shee a-vaile?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saves your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how (good Father.) 258

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindenesse (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and unruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, answeare his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this advantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answeare to convenience: this being granted in course, and now followes all: wee shall advise this wronged maid to steed up your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poore *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection. 280

Duk. It lies much in your holding up: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed,

give him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to S. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *The street before the prison.*]

[*Enter on one side, Duke, disguised as before; on the other*] *Enter Elbow, Clowne [Pompey], Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drinke browne & white bastard.¹

Duk. Oh heavens, what stuffe is heere. ¹*sweet wine*

Clow. Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing. 10

Elb. Come your way sir: 'blesse you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The evill that thou causest to be done, 20
That is thy meanes to live. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe

From such a filthie vice: say to thy selfe,
 From their abhominable and beastly touches
 I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and live:
 Canst thou beleewe thy living is a life,
 So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's stinke in some sort, Sir:
 But yet Sir I would prove. 29

Duke. Nay, if the divell have given thee proofs for sin
 Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison Officer:
 Correction, and Instruction must both worke
 Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given
 him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-ma-
 ster: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him,
 he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee
 From our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio. 40

Elb. His necke will come to your wast, a Cord sir.

Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman,
 and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels
 of *Cæsar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none
 of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had
 now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting
 clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this
 Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last
 raine? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was
 Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words?
 Or how? The tricke of it? 52

25. *array*: array—THEOBALD.

28-9. prose—POPE.

48. *clutch'd*: it clutched—2 ROWE.

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse?

Luc. How doth my deere Morsell, thy Mistris? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, shee hath eaten up all her beefe, and she is her selfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Ever your fresh Whore, and your pouders'd Baud, an unshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison *Pompey*? 61

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse *Pompey*: farewell: goe say I sent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a¹baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the prison *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you will keepe the house. 71

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed wil I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trustie *Pompey*.

Blesse you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come. 80

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now: what newes abroad *Frier*? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come.

74-5. *bondage if .. patiently: Why: bondage: if .. patiently, why*—THEOBALD.

76-7. *prose*—POPE.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe:

[*Ex. El., Pom., & Off.*]

What newes *Frier* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperor of *Russia*: other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well. 91

Luc. It was a mad fantastickall tricke of him to steale from the State, and usurpe the beggerie hee was never borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, *Frier*.

Duk. It is too general a vice, and severitie must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, *Frier*, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right way of Creation: is it true, thinke you? 105

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Urine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generative, that's infallible. 111

Duke. You are pleasant sir, and speake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthlesse thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paide for the Nursing a

thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew the service, and that instructed him to mercie. 119

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected¹ for Women, he was not enclin'd that way. ¹ *accused*

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his use was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward² of his: a shie fellow was the Duke, and I beleeeve I know the cause of his withdrawing. ² *intimate* 131

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? Why no question but he was. 137

Luc. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Envie in you, Folly, or mistaking: The very streame of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed,³ must uppon a warranted neede, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the envious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake unskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice. ³ *steered*

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

150

149. *deare: dearer*—HANMER.

Duke. I can hardly beleeeve that, since you know not what you speake. But if ever the Duke returne (as our praier is he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him: if it bee honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call uppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I feare you not. 160

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to unhurtfull an opposite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir? ^{1 funnel} 168

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish:¹ I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this ungenitur'd Agent will un-people the Province with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeves, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would never bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eat Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so: Farewell. *Exit.* 181

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumnie

178. now: not—HANMER.

The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

*Enter Escalus, Provost, and [Off. with] Bawd
[Mistress Overdone].*

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor
is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord. 190

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleven yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me. 201

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License:¹ Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. [*Ex. Off. with Overdone.*] Provost, my Brother *Angelo* will | not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be | furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable prepara- | tion. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not | be so with him. |

¹ looseness

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and advis'd him for th'entertainment of death. 210

Esc. Good'even, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World? 218

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feavor on
goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. No-
veltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be
aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be con-
stant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough
alive to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to
make Fellowships accurst: Much upon this riddle runs
the wisdom of the world: This newes is old enough,
yet it is everie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what dis-
position was the Duke?

Esc. One, that above all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe. 230

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Esc. Rather rejoycing to see another merry, then
merrie at anie thing which profest to make him rejoyce.
A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave wee him to
his events, with a praier they may prove prosperous, &
let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd?
I am made to understand, that you have lent him visita-
tion. 238

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister mea-
sure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles him-
selfe to the determination of Justice: yet had he framed
to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie de-
ceyving promises of life, which I (by my good leisure)
have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Esc. You have paid the heavens your Function, and
the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I have la-

bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore
of my modestie, but my brother-Justice have I found so
severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede
Justice.

250

Duke. If his owne life,
Answers the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile
he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you. [*Ex. Escalus & Provost.*]

He who the sword of Heaven will beare,
Should be as holy, as seveare:

Patterne in himselfe to know,

Grace to stand, and Vertue go:

260

More, nor lesse to others paying,

Then by selfe-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruell striking,

Kils for faults of his owne liking:

Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*,

To weede my vice, and let his grow.

Oh, what may Man within him hide,

Though Angel on the outward side?

How may likenesse made in crimes,

Making practise on the Times,

270

To draw with ydle Spiders strings

Most ponderous and substantiall things?

Craft against vice, I must applie.

With *Angelo* to night shall lye

His old betroathed (but despised:)

So disguise shall by th'disguised

Pay with falshood, false exacting,

And performe an olde contracting.

Exit

*Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.**[The moated grange at St. Luke's.]**Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.*

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,
 that so sweetly were forsworne,
 And those eyes: the breake of day
 lights that doe mislead the Morne;
 But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
 Seales of love, but seal' din vaine, seal' din vaine.*

Enter Duke [disguised as before].

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice 11
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. [*Exit Boy.*]
 I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musicall.
 Let me excuse me, and beleeeve me so,

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
 To make bad, good; and good provoake to harme.
 I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here
 to day; much upon this time have I promis'd here to
 meete. 21

Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after: I have sat
 here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleeeve you: the time is come
 even now. I shall crave your forbearance alittle, may be
 I will call upon you anone for some advantage to your
 selfe.

24. *Isabell: Isabella—CAPELL.*

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you.

Exit.

Duk. Very well met, and well come:

'30

What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planchedⁱ gate, ^{1 plank}
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy midle of the night, to call upon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have t'ane a due, and wary note upon't, 41
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
And that I have possest him, my most stay
Can be but briefe: for I have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along 57
That staies upon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

59

38-9. 3 ll. ending **promise, night. him**—CAMBRIDGE.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit.*

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes¹ of wit ¹*sallies* 70
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize upon her father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother. 80

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Justice of your title to him
Doth flourish² the deceit. Come, let us goe, ²*justify*
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

69. *Quest:* quests—2-4F.

71. *dreame:* dreams—2Rowe.

Scena Secunda.[*A room in the prison.*]*Enter Provost and Clowne [Pompey].**Pro.* Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?*Clo.* If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But is he be a married man, he's his wives head,
And I can never cut off a womans head.*Pro.* Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld mee
a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpittied whipping; for you have beene a notorious bawd. 14*Clo.* Sir, I have beene an unlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.*Pro.* What hoa, *Abborson*: where's *Abborson* there?*Enter Abborson.*

20

Abb. Doe you call sir?*Pro.* Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, use him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.*Abb.* A Bawd Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our myserie.

Pro. Goe too^s Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.* 30

Clo. Pray sir, by your good favor: for surely sir, a good favor¹ you have, but that you have a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie? ¹*face*

Abb. I Sir, a Misterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Misterie; and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my Occupation, a Misterie: but what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sir, it is a Misterie. 40

Clo. Proove.

Abb. Everie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So everie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgivenessse. 51

Pro. You sirrah, provide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your owne turne, you shall finde me y'are.² For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. ²*ready Exit*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*: 60
 Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other,
 Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
 Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cla. As fast lock'd up in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
 When it lies starkely¹ in the Travellers bones, ¹*stiffly*
 He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him? 70
 Well, go, prepare your selfe. [*Knocking within.*] But
 harke, what noise? |
 Heaven give your spirits comfort: by, and by,
 [*Exit Claudio.*]
 I hope it is some pardon, or repreeve
 For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke [disguised as before].

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
 Invellop you, good Provost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell*?

Pro. No. 80

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd
 Even with the stroke and line of his great Justice:
 He doth with holie abstinence subdue
 That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre

To qualifie in others: were he meal'd ¹ with that
 Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous, 90
 But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*] Now are
 they come. | [*Exit Prov.*]

This is a gentle Provost, sildome when ¹ spotted
 The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:

[*Knocking within.*]

How now? what noise? That spirit's possest with hast,
 That wounds th'unsisting ² Posterne with these strokes.

[*Re-enter Provost.*]

Pro. There he must stay until the Officer
 Arise to let him in: he is call'd up. ² unyielding

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
 But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none. 100

Duke. As neere the dawning Provost, as it is,
 You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
 You something know: yet I beleeeve there comes
 No countermand: no such example have we:
 Besides, upon the verie siege³ of Justice, ³ seat
 Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
 Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man. 110

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Mess. [*Giving a paper*] My Lord hath sent you this
 note, |
 And by mee this further charge;

103. *Happely: Happily*-3-4F.

110 *Duke: out-KNIGHT. Lords: lordship's*-2RowE.

111 *Pro.: given to Duke-KNIGHT. 112-16. prose-Pope.*

That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

[*Exit Mess.*]

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his Pardon purchas'd by such
sin, |

For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:

Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,

120

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,

That for the faults love, is th'offender friended.

Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse

In mine Office, awakens mee

With this unwonted putting on,¹ methinks strangely:

For he hath not us'd it before.

¹ *insistence*

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

130

The Letter.

*Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be
ex- | ecuted by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone
Bernar- | dine: For my better satisfaction, let mee have
Claudios | head sent me by five. Let this be duely per-
formed with a | thought that more depends on it, then
we must yet deliver. | Thus faile not to doe your Office,
as you will answere it at | your perill.*

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be execu-
ted in th'afternoone?

141

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurst up & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not
either deliver'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I
have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeves for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord
Angelo, came not to an undoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant? 150

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?
How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dread-
fully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreaklesse, and
fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible
of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants advice. 158

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath evermore had the li-
berty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, hee
would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies
entirely drunke. We have verie oft awak'd him, as if to
carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war-
rant for it, it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your
brow Provost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it not
truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes
of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: *Claudio*,
whom heere you have warrant to execute, is no greater
forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him.
To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I
crave but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to
do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie. 173

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Having the houre limited, and an expresse command, under penaltie, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructions may be your guide, 181
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath seene them both,
And will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it; Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'de before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more then thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life. 192

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that? 199

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

207

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon over-reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'unfolding Starre calles up the Shepheard; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

[*Another room in the same.*]

Enter Clowne [Pompey].

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris *Over-dons* owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong M^r *Rash*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and seventeene pounds, of which hee made five Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one M^r *Caper*, at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we heere, yong *Dixie*, and yong M^r *Deepe-vow*, and M^r *Copperspurre*, and M^r *Starve-Lackey* the Ra-

pier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-beire* that kild lustie *Pudding*, and M^r *Forthlight* the Tilter, and brave M^r *Shootie* the great Traveller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake. 20

Enter Abborson.

Abb. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. M^r *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, M^r *Barnardine*.

Abb. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o' your throats: who makes that noyse there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepe. 31

Abb. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw russle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe upon the block, sirrah? 40

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abborson*?
What's the newes with you?

Abb. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night,
and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the
sunder all the next day. 50

Enter Duke [disguised as before].

Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Fa-
ther: do we jest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how
hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have bin drinking hard all night,
and I will have more time to prepare mee, or they shall
beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to
die this day, that's certaine. 60

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Looke forward on the journie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans per-
swasion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you have anie thing to say to me,
come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravell heart. 70
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

[*Exit Abhorson and Pompey.*]

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unpre-par'd, unmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
 There died this morning of a cruell Feavor,
 One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
 A man of *Claudio*'s yeares: his beard, and head
 Just of his colour. What if we do omit 80
 This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
 And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
 Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides:
 Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
 Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
 And sent according to command, whiles I
 Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
 But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone, 90
 And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
 To save me from the danger that might come,
 If he were knowne alive?

Duke. Let this be done,
 Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
 Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
 To yond generation, you shal finde
 Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
 Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*, 101
 (The Provost he shal beare them) whose contents
 Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home:
 And that by great Injunctions I am bound
 To enter publikely: him Ile desire
 To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
 A League below the Citie: and from thence,

By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

110

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede.

Exit

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

120

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious
daughter.

Isa. The better given me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releasd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

130

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wisdome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Unhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,
Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,
 Forbeare it therefore, give your cause to heaven,
 Marke what I say, which you shal finde 140
 By every sillable a faithful veritie.
 The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
 One of our Covent, and his Confessor
 Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
 Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
 Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,
 There to give up their powre: If you can pace your wis-
 dome, |
 In that good path that I would wish it go, 1 will
 And you shal have your bosome¹ on this wretch,
 Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, 150
 And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* give,
 'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
 Say, by this token, I desire his companie
 At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
 Ile perfect² him withall, and he shal bring you ² *instruct*
 Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
 Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
 I am combined³ by a sacred Vow, ³ *bound* 160.
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
 Command these fretting waters from your eies
 With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
 If I pervert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good 'even;
 Frier, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within Sir. 168

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart. to

164. whose: who's-2-4F.

166-7. prose-Dyce.

see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set mee too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lov'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*]

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marveilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee, 182
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would else have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well. 192

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el have very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

[*A room in Angelo's house.*]

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

An. In most uneven and distracted manner, his actions

show much like to madnesse, pray heaven his wisdom
bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and re-
liver ou r authorities there?

Esc. I ghesse not.

8

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre
before his entring, that if any crave redresse of injustice,
they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esc. He shoves his reason for that: to have a dispatch
of Complaints, and to deliver us from devices heere-
after, which shall then have no power to stand against
us.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd be-
times i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: give notice
to such men of sort and suite as are to meete him.

Esc. I shall sir: fareyouwell.

Exit.

Ang. Good night.

20

This deede unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant¹
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd¹ *inexpert*
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent² bulke, ² *trusted*
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sence 30
Might in the times to come have ta'ne revenge
By so receiving a dishonor'd life
With ransome of such shame: would yet he had lived.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

6-7. *reliver*: redeliver—CAPELL.

Scena Quinta.[*Fields without the town.*]*Enter Duke [in his own habit] and Frier Peter.**Duke.* These Letters at fit time deliver me,
[*Giving letters.*]

The Provost knowes our purpose and our plot,
 The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
 And hold you ever to our speciall drift,
 Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
 As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flavia's* house,
 And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
 To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*, 10
 And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
 But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit.]*Enter Varrius.*

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,
 Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
 Will greet us heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.[*Street near the city gate.*]*Enter Isabella and Mariana.*

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath.
 I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
 That is your part, yet I am advis'd to doe it,
 He saies, to vaile full purpose.

8. *Flavia's: Flavius*—Rowe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure
He speake against me on the adverse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke 10
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Isab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the *Duke*
He shall not passe you:
Twice have the Trumpets sounded.
The generous, and gravest Citizens
Have hent the gates, and very neere upon 20
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

[*The city gate.*]

[*Mariana veiled, Isabella, and Friar Peter at their stand.*]

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Esculus, Lucio,
[*Provost, Officers, and*] *Citizens at severall doores.*

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many and hartly thankings to you both:
We have made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodnesse of your Justice, that our soule

17-18. 1 l.—POPE.

2. *Esculus: Escalus*—2-4F.

21-2. 1 l.—POPE.

6. *your: your*—2-4F.

Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thanks 10
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it
To locke it in the wards of covert bosome
When it deserves with characters of brasse
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give we your hand
And let the Subject see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime
Favours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*, 20
You must walke by us, on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Justice, O royall *Duke*, vaile¹ your regard
Upon a wrong'd (I would faine have said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye ¹let fall
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint, 30
And given me Justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice,
Reveale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me seeke redemption of the divell,
Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake
Must either punish me, not being beleev'd,
Or wring redresse from you: 40

17. we: me-3-4F.

32-3. 1 l.-POPE.

24-5. 1 l.-POPE.

40-1. 1 l.-POPE.

Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by course of Justice.

Isab. By course of Justice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange: but yet most truely wil I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?

That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not strange?

That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,

50

An hypocrite, a virgin violator,

Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?

Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.

Duke. Away with her: poore soule
She speakes this in th'infirmity of sence.

Isa. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou beleev'st 60
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seemes unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as grave, as just, as absolute:
As *Angelo*, even so may *Angelo* ^{1 characteristics}
In all his dressings, caracts,¹ titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeve it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more, 70
Had I more name for badnesse.

Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleeve no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.

Isab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid, 80
And hide the false seemes true.

Duk. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd upon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger. 90

Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Isab. That's he indeede.

Duk. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duk. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have 100
A businesse for your selfe: pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duk. The warrant's for your selfe: take heede to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed,

Isab. I went

To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

110

Duk. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab: Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

Isab. In brieft, to set the needlesse processe by:
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld¹ me, and how I replide ^{1 refused}
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion
I now begin with grieve, and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body 120
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true.

Duk. By heaven (fond wretch) thou knowst not what
thou speak'st, |

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor 130

In hatefull practise: first his Integrity

Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended

He would have waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,

And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on:

Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice

Thou cam'st heere to complaine.

Isab. And is this all?

Then oh you blessed Ministers above 140
 Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
 Unfold the evill, which is heere wrapt up
 In countenance: heaven shield your Grace from woe,
 As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeleeved goe.

Duke. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
 To prison with her: Shall we thus permit
 A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
 On him so neere us? This needs must be a practise;
 Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Isa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick.*

Duk. A ghostly Father, belike: 151
 Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,
 I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
 For certaine words he spake against your Grace
 In your retirment, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
 And to set on this wretched woman here
 Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
 I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryar, 161
 A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
 I have stood by my Lord, and I have heard
 Your royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman
 Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
 Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
 As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did beleeve no lesse.
 Know you that *Frier Lodowick* that she speakes of? 170

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy,

Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler
 As he's reported by this Gentleman:
 And on my trust, a man that never yet
 Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeve it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
 But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:
 Of a strange Feavor: upon his meere request
 Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
 Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether 181
 To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
 Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
 And all probation will make up full cleare
 Whensoever he's convented:¹ First for this woman,
 To justifie this worthy Noble man ^{1 summoned}
 So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
 Her shall you heare disproved to her eyes,
 Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it: 190

[*Isabella carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*]

Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
 Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fooles.
 Give us some seates, Come cosen *Angelo*,
 In this I'll be impartiall: be you Judge
 Of your owne Cause: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
 Untill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married? 200

197. *your: her-2-4F.*

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife. 209

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married, And I confesse besides, I am no Maid, I have known my husband, yet my husband Knowes not, that ever he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*. 220

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Love.

Ang. Charges she moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why just, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*, 230
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes *Isabels*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will unmaske.

[*Unveiling.*]

This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Isabell*,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house 240
In her Imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie she saies.

Duk Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enoug my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And five yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition: But in chiefe 250
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In levitie: Since which time of five yeres
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Upon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath, |

As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,

I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly

As words could make up vovues: And my good Lord,

But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house, 260

He knew me as a wife. As this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees,

Or else for ever be confixed here

A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now,
 Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of Justice,
 My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceive
 These poore informall women, are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier member
 That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord 270
 To finde this practise out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
 And punish them to your height of pleasure.
 Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
 Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oathes,
 Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,
 Were testimonies against his worth, and credit
 That's seald in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus*
 Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines 279
 To finde out this abuse,¹ whence 'tis deriv'd. ¹ *deceit*
 There is another Frier that set them on,
 Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
 Hath set the women on to this Complaint;
 Your Provost knowes the place where he abides,
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly: [*Exit Provost.*]
 And you, my noble and well-warranted Cosen
 Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
 Doe with your injuries as seemes you best 290
 In any chastisement; I for a while
 Will leave you; but stir not you till you have
 Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. *Exit.*

Esc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*,
 did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a
 dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

299

Esc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Esc. Call that same *Isabell* here once againe, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, give mee leave to question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Esc. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her privately She would sooner confesse, perchance publikely she'll be asham'd.

311

Enter Duke [in his friar's habit], Provost, Isabella.

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Esc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you have said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the *Provost*.

Esc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call upon you.

321

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? they have confes'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Esc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the divell
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Esc. The *Duke's* in us: and we will heare you speake,
Looke you speake justly. 331

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules,
Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone?
Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke's* unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,
And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of. 339

Esc. Why thou unreverend, and unhallowed Fryer:
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witnesse of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th' *Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Injustice?
Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze¹ you
Joynt by joynt, but we will know his purpose: ¹ *tear*
What? unjust?

Duk. Be not so hot: the *Duke* dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he 350
Dare racke his owne: his Subject am I not,
Nor here Provinciall: My businesse in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I have seene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,
As much in mocke, as marke.

Esc. Slander to th'State:

Away with him to prison.

360

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald-pate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice,
I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the *Duke*.

Duk. Most notedly Sir.

369

Luc. Do you so Sir: And was the *Duke* a flesh-mon-ger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I love the *Duke*, as I love my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

380

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the *Provost*? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more: away with those Giglets¹ too, and with the o-ther confederate companion.

¹ pert girls

Duk. [*To Provost*] Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh fir, why you bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaves visage with a poxe to you: show your

sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off? 392

[*Pulls off the friar's hood and discovers the Duke.*]

Duk. Thou art the first knave, that ere mad'st a *Duke*.

First *Provost*, let me bayle these gentle three:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,

Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse then hanging.

Duk. [*To Esc.*] What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you downe, |

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave:

[*To Ang.*]

Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence, 400

That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st

Rely upon it, till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,

I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,

To thinke I can be undiscerneable,

When I perceive your grace, like powre divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes. Then good Prince,

No longer Session hold upon my shame,

But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession: 410

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,

Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate,

Returne him here againe: goe with him *Provost*. *Exit.*

Esc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,

Then at the strangenesse of it. 420

Duk. Come hither *Isabell*,

Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then
 Advertysing,¹ and holy² to your businesse, ¹ *informing*
 (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, ² *devoted*
 Atturried at your service.

Isab. Oh give me pardon
 That I, your vassaile, have imploid, and pain'd
 Your unknowne Soveraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Isabell*:
 And now, deere Maide, be you as free to us. 430
 Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:
 And you may marvaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,
 Labouring to save his life: and would not rather
 Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,
 Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid,
 It was the swift celeritie of his death,
 Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on,
 That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,
 That life is better life past fearing death, 439
 Then that which lives to feare: make it your comfort,
 So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
 Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
 Your well defended honor: you must pardon
 For *Mariana's* sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
 Being criminall, in double violation
 Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,
 Thereon dependant for your Brothers life, 450
 The very mercy of the Law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue.
 An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:

Haste still paies haste, and leasure, answers leasure;
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:
 Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;
 Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
 We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
 Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
 Away with him. 460

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
 I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
 Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,
 I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choake your good to come: For his Possessions,
 Although by confutation they are ours;
 We doe en-state, and widow you with all,
 To buy you a better husband. 470

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mar: Gentle my Liege. [*Kneeling.*]

Duke. You doe but loose your labour.

Away with him to death: [*To Lucio*] Now Sir, to
 you. |

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabell*, take my part,
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
 I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.

Duke. Against all sence you doe importune her,
 Should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fact, 481
 Her Brothers ghost, his paved bed would breake,
 And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabell:

Sweet *Isabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
 Hold up your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.

They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.

Oh *Isabel*: will you not lend a knee?

490

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir. [*Kneeling.*]

Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liv'd: I partly thinke,
A due sinceritie governed his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects
Intent, but meerely thoughts.

500

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your suite's unprofitable: stand up I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded so.

508

Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by private message.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Give up your keyes.

Pro. Pardon mc, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have dide,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*. 520

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have stil appear'd,
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,
And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deserving, and I doe entreat it. 530

*Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio [muffled],
Julietta. |*

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art said to have a stubborne soule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to provide
For better times to come: Frier advise him, 540
I leave him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have di'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himselfe.

[*Unmuffles Claudio.*]

Duke. [*To Is.*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovelie sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
 By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe,
 Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye: 550
 Well *Angelo*, your evill quits you well.
 Looke that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours
 I finde an apt remission in my selfe:
 And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
 You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
 One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man:
 Wherein have I so deserv'd of you
 That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the
 trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had ra-
 ther it would please you, I might be whipt. 561

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
 Proclaime it Provost round about the Citie,
 If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
 (As I have heard him sweare himselfe there's one
 whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
 And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd,
 Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to
 a Whore: your Highnesse said even now I made you a
 Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making
 me a Cuckold. 572

Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
 Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithall
 Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
 And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,
 Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*]

She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore. 580

Joy to you *Mariana*, love her *Angelo*:
I have confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,
There's more behinde that is more gratefull.
Thanks *Provost* for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,
I have a motion much imports your good, 590
Where to if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

594. *that*: *that's*-2-4F.

FOR MEASURE

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.

Angelo, the Deputie.

Escalus, an ancient Lord.

Claudio, a yong Gentleman.

Lúcio, a fantastique.

2. Other like Gentlemen.

Provost.

Thomas. } 2. Friers.

Peter. }

Elbow, a simple Constable.

Froth, a foolish Gentleman.

Clowne.

Abhorson, an Executioner.

Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.

Isabella, sister to Claudio.

Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.

Juliet, beloved of Claudio.

Francisca, a Nun.

Mistris Over-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

317488

